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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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HAPPY HARRY, The Wild Boy of the Woods; OR, THE PIRATES OF THE NORTHERN LAKES.

BY OLL COOMES.

Author of "Idaho Tom," "Dakota Dan," "Bowie-knife Ben," "Old Hurricane," "Hawkeye Harry," "Death Notch," "One-armed Alf," "Red Rob," etc.

CHAPTER I.

HAPPY HARRY.

In the depths of the trackless forest bordering upon Lake St. Clair, over half a century ago, a score of birds held a concert or merrymaking, one July afternoon. At least so it would have seemed to a casual observer, for never sung birds merrier than those assembled in that great, green oak. Birds of brilliant plumage, birds of somber wings, birds of sweetest song, and birds that could only twitter, were assembled there—hopping, fluttering, and frolicking among the branches as though the happiest creatures on earth. And at the same time, each one kept its eyes turned downward as if watching something or some person. And so it was. They were watching a human being—a boy who was seated upon a fallen tree-trunk regarding them with a glow of admiration in his blue eyes.

A gun lay across his lap, and a large dog crouched at his feet. He was amusing himself with the feathered assembly above. When one sang, he whistled in exact imitation. He mimicked them all. He sang, twittered, and chirped as they did. He had called each one by its own peculiar song, and it had come as if to greet a long-lost mate.

Birds have almost a human sociability, and love the society of man more than any of the animal kind. There seems to be a mutual and sympathetic attraction existing between mankind and the birds of the air. And of this, the boy on the log was fully aware. He courted the society of his winged associates. He had been reared with them, as it were. Often times, when alone, he called them around him, through medium of his wonderful powers of imitation, and sang and whistled with them as though they were a band of rollicking boys.

This youthful personage could not have been over sixteen years of age. His form was lithe and slender, yet it was easily seen that he was as strong, wiry, and supple as a young panther. There was a fresh, healthful glow on his smooth brown face, and a twinkle of boyish mischief, combined with a spirit of adventure, in his soft blue eyes. And although he would scarcely draw a hundred pounds of avoirdupois, there was nothing effeminate about his physique or features; and stripped of that halo which radiated from the boy, he would not have been considered handsome. It was the expression of the face and the light of the eye that one would have admired. There was nothing deep or hidden in his looks. His was one of those good, honest, spirited souls that lay revealed upon the surface. Love of adventure was one of the most predominant traits of his character, combined with the many elements that go to make up one of those odd, humorous, and jovial fellows often met with on the border and in the wilderness. A dimple lurked at each corner of his mouth that seemed ready, at the least provocation, to give way to a hearty laugh. Mischief crept out on every feature, and the whole was slightly tinged with an expression bordering on the comical, to which a prominent Roman nose gave additional strength.

The youth was dressed in buck-skin pants and overshirt, which were ornamented around the knees, up the seams, and around the shoulders with a fringe of the same material. His feet were encased in leather moccasins, and his head covered with a three-cornered hat, which he wore cocked back jauntily upon his head.

He was armed with a rifle, a brace of pistols, and a hunting-knife. A powder-horn and bullet-pouch hung at his side by means of a strap passing over his shoulder and across his breast. Upon the breach of his rifle was cut in rude characters the name—

"HAPPY HARRY."

The dog crouched at the youth's feet was a huge mastiff of the St. Bernard breed, considerably larger in every respect than his master, and possessed of prodigious strength.

For fully an hour the youth sat amusing himself with the birds that sported around him; but, growing tired of this, he arose and sauntered away leisurely through the woods, his dog following at his heels. As he advanced, the forest seemed to deepen around him, and the gloom to thicken.

"Great hornits, Belshazzar!" the lad suddenly exclaimed, addressing his dumb companion, "this here woods are gittin' to be a regler black wilderness; it is, for a sublime eye." He searched every bush and thicket as



It was a small brown hand with tapering fingers and a wrist encircled by a hoop of gold.

fact. Sin wouldn't breed here worth a cent; so we needn't look for sinners. Don't suppose there's a red-skin within ten miles of us. But, keep up spirits, 'Shazzar; we'll soon reach St. Clair's boomin' shores, where the huge leviathan gambols not and the green-headed frog warbles his dulcet lay to the inglorious mud-turtle. We've had a tramp to-day all for nothin'; but then, as we're eternally and always pick a grain of knowledge.

As the lad moved on his attention was suddenly attracted by a low growl of his canine friend. He ceased whistling, but never slackened his pace in the least. For all he knew, the dog had warned him of danger; it was a part of his tactics to avert it by a seeming disregard of things around him. But, as he continued to advance, Belshazzar manifested greater uneasiness, and he finally concluded it was best not to be too cautious.

"What is it, Bell? what do you see—hear? smell?" he said, stopping and turning to his dog.

The dog uttered a low bark, and plunging on ahead, disappeared from sight. In a few moments, however, he came bounding back to his master's side in no little excitement.

"Hoppin' hornits! what's up, Belshazzar? And munificent Moses! thar's blood on your snozzle, thar is, for an awful fact."

To be certain, however, the boy examined the dog's nose more closely, and, true enough, found a slight stain of blood upon it. As there was no scratch or abrasion from which the blood could have oozed, the lad was satisfied it had been put there during the momentary absence of the animal. What did it im-

ply? Surely something was wrong, and the youth set out to investigate the matter. He sent the dog on ahead. The animal led him into a dark, dismal thicket, then stopped and began sniffing and whining in a suspicious manner around some old dead leaves that had been recently raked into a long heap and weighted down with some green boughs cut from a neighboring bush.

Happy Harry uttered a low whistle of surprise as he scrutinized the pile of dry leaves that resembled a newly-made grave in its proportions. Then he glanced carefully around him, through the thicket, into the tree-tops, as though he felt sure some one was watching him. But not a sign of life was visible anywhere.

The dog continued his sniffing around the mound of leaves, now and then jumping back as if with affright, and uttering a low, whining bark.

"Hoppin' hornits, 'Shazzar! what do you mean? What you breed there, pup? a serpent? a sick bear? or a red-skin? Which are it? Speak right out."

"Bow-wow!" barked the dog, scratching at the heap.

"Great hoppin' hornits!" burst from his lips as a human groan burst suddenly upon his ears. Then he gazed around him as if to see from whence came the sound. But all was silence and shadow. The presence of death could not have thrown more gloom around the youth than that strange cry. His eyes finally became fixed upon the heap of leaves before him. He spoke to his dog.

The sagacious animal seemed to comprehend his very thoughts, and bounding forward, he thrust his muzzle into the brown heap. In an instant he withdrew it, and from the depths of the frail covering he drew forth a human hand! It was a small brown hand with tapering fingers and a wrist encircled by a hoop of gold—a woman's hand beyond a doubt—a hand that was still warm and quiver with life!

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HARRY FOUND UNDER THE LEAVES.

HAPPY HARRY was completely dumbfounded, and it was fully a minute before he could get his thoughts to work. And then but for the presence of blood on the little dusky hand, lying so limp and yet so graceful on the pile of leaves before him, he would have believed that there was some movement on foot to entrap him. But a low moan of agony, which could not have been otherwise than the true expression of pain, dispelled all feelings from his breast save deepest sympathy and kindness, and advancing to the leafy mound, he bent over it and began carefully raking the leaves away. He soon came to the form to which the hand belonged. It was that of an Indian girl. She was wrapped in a blanket, and to all outward appearances, was dead.

"Here, Bell," the lad said to his dog, "take hold and carry this gal out of these graveyard shadars."

He gathered the four corners of the blanket together and placed them in the mouth of his dog. The powerful mastiff lifted the form of the maiden as easily as though she were a child. He carried her out of the thicket and some distance through the woods, when a grassy plot was pointed out to him by his master whereon to deposit his burden, which he did with almost human tenderness.

Harry saw that the maiden was still bleeding profusely from an ugly wound upon the head. She was totally insensible, but her wild, incoherent mutterings gave evidence of returning consciousness.

"Hoppin' hornits!" exclaimed the boy, in apparent perplexity, "here I am in a confounded predickamint. I've got an elephanzee on my hands, I have for a mortal fact. And what the horned gallinippers am I goin' to do with the kritter? And, what's more, how come she here in this banged-up condition? She's an Ottawa, and 's got a 'tarnal ugly jolt on the cerebellum; but switched if she arn't the prettiest little Ingini squaw I ever seen. She's a royal diadem of a beauty. She's just exquisite, and I'm goin' to do the fair thing by her, I am for a generous fact."

The maiden could not have been over sixteen years of age, and for an Indian was decidedly pretty, her face wearing a childlike simplicity. Her neck and arms were loaded with costly jewelry, and a wreath of flowers girded her brow. But these, as was also her black hair, were covered with blood that oozed from the deep gash on her head.

Harry examined the nature and extent of her injuries, which he decided must have been inflicted by the blow of a club or some heavy, blunt weapon. But who could be so heartless and cowardly as to strike a helpless girl down, he could not conceive, unless it was some resentful wretch of her own tribe whose love she had doubtless spurned, and who had resolved she should not favor another.

The young borderman took the blanket from about her form, and running back to a little stream he had recently crossed, dipped it into the water and returned to the maiden. He wrung some of the cool liquid from the blanket upon her head and temples. He bathed her brow and washed the blood from her face and hands with all care and tenderness. Then he stanch'd the flow of blood with some lint from the blanket, and bound up the wound with a strip of her calico frock.

Under these kind ministrations she appeared to recover rapidly. She finally opened her eyes, gazed around her, uttered a startled cry, and again appeared to sink into unconsciousness. Harry saw, however, that she had fully recovered her sense and was only affecting insensibility, doubtless through fear of him.

"See here now," he burst out, in an expostulating manner, "you needn't play that on me, Becky—I mean Lily-of-the-valley. I've done the fair thing by you—me and the pup has—and now, if you could appreciate it, and condescend to open them black eyes and ad-

dress us kindly, we'd be superbly tickled. Oh, git out now! you needn't try to look through yer half-open peepers. We're not fools, and by the honest gallinippers, we'll up and leave you here if you don't recognize us as friends. Confound it! you're just like all the girls. You'd die rather than do what I want ye to. That's femenine perversity out and out; it is, for a scandalous fact."

The maiden did not understand a word he said, or else was determined not to stir from her simulated insensible state; and after waiting a sufficient time for her to make up her mind in regard to the matter, he turned, called his dog and started away. It was not his intention to desert her entirely, for, as soon as he was out of sight, he slipped back and took a position behind a tree where he could watch her.

No sooner was the sly, terrified young girl assured that she was alone, than her eyes opened and glanced quickly around. Then she arose to a sitting posture and felt of her head and the bandage upon it; then she attempted to rise to her feet, but failed.

"You're purty weak yet, Lily-of-the-valley," suddenly broke upon her ears, and Harry stepped from his covert, with a mischievous smile upon his face; "you'd better rest quiet an' hour or so and you'll git stronger. That's a monstrous big leak on your head, and the best part of the gal's leaked away."

The maiden's eyes sought the ground, and a look of petulance overspread her face. She made no reply to Harry's remarks.

"Girl, have you got a tongue?" the lad asked, a little curiously. "It'd be a sublime satisfaction for me to know, it would, for an honest fact." He repeated the question in the Ottawa dialect.

The maiden looked up. She touched her head, and in a feeble tone, said:

"The young pale-face has saved Eeleelah's life."

"I'm slightly conscious of havin' done a little for you by way of keepin' you from the land of your forefathers; but how did you git hurt, Eeleelah?"

She shook her head, which act Harry accepted as a refusal to answer him.

"Wal, it's all right," he moralized; "them has their sekrets can stick to 'em. It makes no odds to me. It's a monstrous queer world this is, for an embellished fact."

A low growl from his dog started him and turning, he saw a man approaching at a leisurely pace. He was an entire stranger to the boy; moreover, he was dressed and painted as an Indian; but Harry was too well versed in the movements of an Indian not to see that the new-comer was a white man in disguise. He was a young man, with a rather handsome face, a rakish air, and a dark-gray eye, that was not altogether pleasing to the critical mind of the young border-boy. But, concealing his dislike, he exclaimed, in a frank, open tone,

"Hullo, here! Howdy, stranger!"

"No reason to complain, sir," responded the stranger, glancing at the youth, then at his dog; "but how's this—that ornery-lookin' big cutie?"

"Softly, gently, respectfully, stranger, speak of that dog," replied Harry, waving the man back. "That pup is sagacious—he's sensitive, and all creation couldn't stop him if he took a notion to masticate you. Hoppin' hornits! that little critter has fainted away ag'in; she has, for a bitter fact."

It was the girl of which he now spoke. She had fallen prostrate in a swoon, and now lay like one dead."

"Hulls! what you got there? A sick Ingin, ain't it?" asked the stranger, as his eye fell upon the maiden's form.

"Sick! why, sick's no name for it. Some cowardly devil has nigh about bu'sted her head open, stranger. That's an awful gash on it, and I'm afraid the poor young thing will not see her way through. I found her out here in a thicket, covered with old leaves. But I'm goin' to do my best for her, for she's the prettiest Ingin I ever set my eyes on. But, looky here, stranger, why are you trigged out like a bloody Ottawa?"

"I find it convenient to one's scalp in this outlandish country," responded the man.

"Well, who be you?"

"Abel Doyle; and you?"

"I'm a royal young sap-sucker—a descendant of the children of Adam, and am called Happy Harry."

"Ay! the Wild Boy of the Woods!"

"Yes, or any other man."

"Don't you know there's a price on your head?"

"In course I do, for a clear fact."

"And do you know what for?" Doyle continued.

"To be sure I do," responded Harry, seating himself on the ground.

"I dare say you do not know."

"Well, set down and I'll tell you all 'bout it, Abel. You see, I used to live and fly a kite up in northern Injimany, at a place called Gomorrah. That was a log school-house that, with long log benches that'd carry a dozen thinish-like boys. I war goin' to school when the thing happened. I war a real likely scholar, Abel, and could just rattle off 'incomprehensibilities' without takin' breath or battin' my eyes once 'clap' through. I'd a bin a spankin' good scholar if I'd kept on, and by this time I might've bin a preacher or a dancin'-master. But that little affair played the deuce. You see, Peggy Long war as sweet on me as a bee on clover, and I just despised the danged old thing. She was only ten years older'n me, and uglier than a bulldog on a mud fence. She war always stickin' her ole nose in awfiz me and Sally Beems, and that made me hornit mad. And one day she up and slipped her gum, that she'd been wallerin' in her jaws for six months, into my hand, and said, with an exprim' smile, that I might use it till recess. Whiz! it made me mad as a hoppin' hornit; and so, when ole Peg went to recite her lesson, I basted her gun on the bench whar she sat; and when she come back, down she dibbled herself on it, and she had on her fix-up dress, too. But, things run along awhile, and nearly all the boys on my bench got to laffin' and titterin' 'bout Peg's gum; then ole Billkins, the teacher, seed us, and you ort to a' hearin' his long dogwood stick rattle down off the joist. Whew! he swung the pisen thing on high; and, oh, hornits! how ten coat-tails! all strung along nicely on the same seat, did'nt flip up, as that ole dogwood warped down upon us. Some of the boys were studyin' away like old philosophers, and wasn't expectin' the gad, but they got it, and I tell ye it basted 'em deliciously."

"When one boy on a bench that way gits to cuttin' up, the rest might as well pitch in and have their little fun, too; for they're sure to git their sheer of the dogwood. I never keerd if I war in the middle or next to the teacher; but, Lord, Abel! was it ever your ghestly misfortune to sit on t'other end of the bench and have the loose end of the switch hug right up till it'd hlist a blister every' warp?"

If you havn't, I have, and I'll be hung if it

don't smart till a feller can see little rings floatin' out of his eyes. Aside from the dogwood, Abel, a school-house is a dull place for me. I allers could sleep soundly in one, and even now the sight of one makes me drowsy. Somethin' queer 'bout that, arn't it, stranger?"

"I'll admit it is, in your case at least," replied Doyle, somewhat interested in the lad's story; "but you have lost the main thread of your story. You commenced to tell about the reward."

"Well, yes, I war comin' to that," continued Harry. "After ole Billkins had given us boys a good bastin', and regulated his system, he returned to his class. Elevating his spectacles on his forehead, he bawled out:

"Can any one tell me how the destrict township of Gomorrah is bounded?"

"On the north by Pole-cat creek, south by Muskeeter swamp," squeaked Peg Long, bound in to her feet, when rip went her dress. The gum had stuck it, and mismatched out a strip the full length of the skirt. The boys began to giggle, the girls to titter behind their books. Peg to cry, and ole Billkins to clamp his bits. Down rushed the old dogwood switch with a rash ee-tee-swash, and then, in tones of thunder, the culprit was called for. I had a notion to lay it to Dicky Howes, but then I thought of Georgie Washington and his hatchet, and I run to my feet and told the hull truth like a little man, thinkin' it would induce ole Billy to ease up on me. But, hoppin' hornits! you'd ort to a' seen the old tiger pant! He fairly danced, he war so mad. "I'll Parry ye" he whistled, as he let his glasses fall to the floor, and before he could pick 'em up, one of the boys brushed 'em aside with his foot, another picked 'em up and passed 'em to the next, and in two seconds they were on t'other side of the house on Billy Trotter's face; but, you bet, Billy kept his big geography spread out well before his face, and winked at us boys around the corners. But the loss of his glasses give ole Billkins a mad fit. "Veneration, he yelled like an Ojibway squaw, 'you, Harry Wilde, will provoke me to your destruction. My brother's bilin' hot,' and I b'lieved him, stranger, for I thought I could hear it blubberin' in his veins; and so I concluded to make myself rare in that place, and so out I jumped at a winder and away I went. And out I bounced ole Billy, and away he started after me. I tell you, it war fun alive for the other boys to see ole Billkins's game legs go wabblin' across the meadow like wheels out of dish. Even old Peg Long mopped out her eyes and swung her handkercher and yelled like a sick wild-cat. Wal, I took 'twards the creek whar I known that war a deep hole, and just as I reached the bank I dodged ahind a big tree. In a minute the ole pettysog came tearin' up like a whirlwind and sweatin' like a Turk. He thought I'd dodged down into the water, or under the bank, and so he walked up and was leanin' over lookin' for me, when I slipped up behind him and dumped him into the water. It was mean in me, I know, but I done it to cool his blood. It'd'a made a wooden man laf to see him spout water. Oh, it war de-lightful, stranger, and I nearly killed myself laffin'! But ole Bill got out and—so did I. He swore out a s'arch-warrant, or some law thing, to have me arrested for murder, and so I just come off here to look around St. Clair awhile. And I understand Billkins offers five dollars reward for my arrest."

"Just so," responded Doyle, with a tinge of sarcasm which Harry did not fail to detect. He had also noticed that, while he was relating his story—which was told more to throw Doyle off his guard than any other object—Doyle had kept a continual watch upon the motionless form of the Indian girl with manifest uneasiness. Harry also stole a glance now and then at the face of the maiden, and being situated so that he could see her features distinctly, he was not a little surprised to see that she was only feigning unconsciousness, and watching Doyle through her half-open eyes. This led Harry to believe that the two were not strangers to each other, and in order to bring the matter to a point, he said:

"Stranger, I s'pose you know who that gal is, seein' she's an Ottawa and you a Huron."

"I know nothing of the girl. The village of the Ottawas is far from that of the Hurons."

"S'pose, then, you're hunting down this way?"

"Well, yes," responded the man, with some hesitation.

"That's what we're doin'—that's me and Belshazzar. I tell you, Abel, that dog makes a strong old fight. You'd ort to see him handle the jingul of an Ottawa or—"

"Huron, I presume," interrupted Doyle.

"No, stranger; me and the Hurons are friends."

"You were, but are not now."

"And why not?"

"You haven't heard that the United States has declared war against Great Britain, and hostilities have opened, and that the Hurons have taken sides with the latter?"

"Great hoppin' hornits! No! I never heard it hinted before. But, munificent Moses! won't it make times brisk? Of course you side with us, don't you, stranger?"

"Do you mean the American Republic?"

"Well, yes, seein' we're a fraction of the republic—American citizens."

"What organization do you represent?"

"Why, stranger, you puzzle me. I don't know that I represent any other than the anatomical organization of Happy Harry."

"My lad, I am inclined to doubt your word. Don't you know something about an organization of doubtful character called the 'Fisher-men's Union'?"

"Why, great hornits! how you talk man!"

"That's what 'Fisher-men's Union' is, nothin' but a band of lake pirates that come over into the United States to steal, and then seek refuge under the English flag in Canada."

"Admitting that to be true, you haven't answered my question, sir," Doyle persisted.

"I would be a fool to answer it if it were so," said Harry's swift rejoinder.

"Look here, my boy; you know more than you pretend. It's not a schoolmaster's reward to be on your head," and Doyle glanced furtively at the youth, then at the inanimate form of Eeleelah.

"Stranger, you mustn't insinuate; you do me injustice," and Harry's face assumed a look of deep earnestness.

With a contemptuous smile upon his painted face, Doyle rose to his feet, and, running, walked slowly and with massive tread away into the woods.

Scarcely was his back turned when Eeleelah sprung to her feet, and, hurrying to Harry's side, said, in the Ottawa dialect:

"Pale-face, nee! He is a bad, wicked man. He will kill you, as he thought he had done me."

"I'm glad of it. I would have an enemy hear what I told you for a fortune."

"No danger, Robert, of an enemy hangin' around here listenin'. If that's any about, they'll not hesitate to bulge right in onto us like a dash off our hair in two twinks of a lightning-bolt."

In a few minutes he returned.

"Any discovery?" asked Rankin.

"Not a dashed thing could I hear, see, or smell."

"I'm glad of it. I would have an enemy hear what I told you for a fortune."

"No danger, Robert, of an enemy hangin' around here listenin'."

"If that's any about, they'll not hesitate to bulge right in onto us like a dash off our hair in two twinks of a lightning-bolt."

Happy Harry was astounded by this turn of affairs and startling revelation. He glanced

first after the girl, then after the renegade. He saw the latter suddenly stop, turn toward him and raise his right hand. He saw a puff of smoke, and nothing more. Something blurred his vision; his brain reeled, and, tottering, the Wild Boy of the Woods sunk heavily to earth.

With a mournful howl his dumb companion sprung forward, and, crocheting by his side, uttered forth a lamentation of grief that seemed almost human in its sad, sorrowful intonations.

Abel Doyle, the assassin, turned and fled into the woods as from the vengeance of the inscrutable God.

CHAPTER III.

SURPRISES.

The shadows of night hung low and dark over the forest bordering on the western shore of Lake St. Clair. The sky was overcast with a dull, hazy mist. A damp, heavy wind stirred the great oaks and pines into an ominous murmur. Not far away the surge of the heavy waves could be heard breaking upon the rock-bound shore with a sullen boom. From afar off came the long howl of a wolf, alternating with the to-hoot-to-hoot of an owl. The dull droning of nocturnal wings and the chirp of insects pervaded the night. Nature was enjoying a sweet repose. The mysterious voices in the wilderness were but the gentle breathing of her great night-enshrined bosom.

Through the murky gloom came the twinkling of a light that burned almost under the falling spray of St. Clair's breakers. It was a dim red light, appearing and disappearing at intervals as though it came from a building whose door was being opened and closed. This was, in a measure, the case. The building, though, was one of canvas. It was small, conical, tattered. The light was reflected from a lantern that hung inside the structure, which was built upon a little sand-bar projecting out into the waters of a narrow bay.

Two persons occupied the tent. Both were white men. The eldest, a man of fifty years, was dressed in the suit of a borderman, which contrasted well with his uncouth appearance. He was a low, heavy-set man, with cold, gray eyes and a bearded face that would not bear the closest scrutiny. He was a jovial companion, however, and was admired by his companion for his whimsical humor and odd talk. He was armed with a rifle, pistols and knife.

This man was Abel Doyle.

The other person was a young man of about three and twenty years, and bore evidence of mental culture and refinement in both feature and language. Of rather prepossessing general appearance, he was a little above medium height, with a military bearing in his movements, but nothing arrogant or haughty, for his countenance was open and pleasant. He wore a long cloak, beneath which was the uniform of a captain of the United States army. A sword hung at his side, while a pair of polished pistol-butts peeped from their receptacle in his girdle.

This man was Captain Robert Rankin.

In the bay just back of their encampment a little sail-boat lay at rest on the waves. This was the property of the young captain. All that day had he and his companion traveled upon the lake, going ashore only when darkness set in, feeling entirely disposed to run the risks of the dangers of land rather than those of a night on rough waters.

From their conversation it was evident that young Rankin was a stranger in those parts, and that Bill Mucklewee, the hunter and trapper, was acting in the capacity of guide to them.

Although the old borderman had been first to advocate the idea of spending the night ashore, he could not rest easy after they had gone into camp. He seemed apprehensive of danger, and kept up a continual dodging in and out of the tent to watch and listen.

"Friend guide" said Rankin, "are you not giving yourself undue trouble regarding our situation?"

"You can't be too keerful, cap'n, in this dashed Ingin country," the trapper-guide responded. "That's been red-skins, as I've said before, in this vicinity within the last twenty-four hours, and they may be around yet somewhere."

"Stranger, I s'pose you know who that gal is, seein' she's an Ottawa and you a Huron."

"I know nothing of the girl. The village of the Ottawas is far from that of the Hurons."

"But I should think you were nearly exhausted with the day's journey."

"Exhossal! Old Bill Mucklewee exhossal! Why, dash it to thunder, cap'n, do you take me for an old woman? Bless my eyes, I hardly 've got warmed up. I'm like an old sparvin stage-hoss: the longer I go the nimblier I git. It takes at least twenty hours hard drivin' to warm the jint grease in my corporosity. But, cap'n, I never did take to water like a duck. It's too confining. A feller can't git exercise enough. Now, we've not traveled over fifty miles today, and I could'nt a' beat that afoot, dashed if I couldn't."

"I dare say you could, friend guide; but I am no traveler. Moreover, I was confident that the enemy was watching me, and would attempt to follow, so I thought I would take the way that would leave no trail, and bring me soonest to the destination I am so anxious to reach."

the Indians' clubs, and with these he played lively upon the tufted skulls of the warriors. By a flank movement the captain was finally brought down, and two of the warriors seemed intent upon taking him alive, and would, doubtless, have succeeded, had it not been for the quick blows of Harry's club and the rending teeth of Belshazzar.

While engaged in liberating Rankin, a figure rushed suddenly upon our hero with a horrible imprecation upon his lips, but the youth greeted him with a blow that sent him reeling overboard into the water. But it was not until it was too late that he discovered he had committed an irreparable blunder—that it was Mucklewhee, the guide, he had struck. He regretted the act, but felt justified, for the reason that in the excitement of the moment Mucklewhee was rushing upon him with deadly intent, no doubt mistaking him for an enemy.

By this time but three savages were left to contend with, and one of these Harry soon knocked overboard. Another was struggling hand-to-hand with the young soldier, while the third, seeing the havoc made in their ranks by Harry's club, rushed upon the youth and grappled him. Together they rolled on the raft in deadly conflict.

The savage was far the heavier and stouter, but Harry was the more skillful, and proved as difficult to handle as an eel. The youth's club being of no further use to him now, he dropped it and endeavored to draw his knife. But this he was unable to do, for the savage's arms in a measure pinioned his. His movements were also somewhat hampered by his rifle, which was hung at his back, but, despite these disadvantages, he fought like a young tiger, giving the red-skin all he wanted to do in the hand-to-hand grapple.

Finally the lad saw that the red-skin's weight was an advantage he could not overcome, and that he must endeavor to free himself, while strength remained, from the powerful arms of the savage. He threw all his strength into a single effort, but without success. The limbs of the foe were like welded bands of steel. They whirled to and fro across the raft in rapid evolutions. Harry squirmed and wriggled like a serpent, at the same time shoving defiance in the ear of his antagonist.

At length they struggled to their feet and went spinning away across the raft and fell overboard. Both sank from view, but they soon appeared to the surface again, struggling all the fiercer now that the water was contending for the victory over both. They fought in silence—that is, no word escaped their lips, for they found it prudent to keep their mouths shut and the water from their lungs. Their flying limbs beat and churned the water into a foam.

Suddenly a loud, deep bark rung out, and was succeeded by a plunge. It was the dog, Belshazzar, who, seeming to comprehend the perilous situation of his master, bounded to his assistance. Nor was the faithful animal a moment too soon. Happy Harry was almost exhausted when the dog swam up and seized the red skin by the throat, ending the conflict in a short time.

Keeping himself above water as well as he could in his almost breathless condition, until Belshazzar had dispatched the warrior, he then grasped the dog by the tail and was towed ashore.

Both dog and master were quite exhausted when they reached the bank, and crawling out of the water they threw themselves upon the beach for a moment's rest.

Harry now glanced out over the bay. He could see the raft and the two forms struggling in their death-throes upon it. The water in the bay was still, but at the same time there was a natural inclination of the current lake-ward, and the raft gradually drifted down the bay until it reached the lake, when it soon was whirled by the current out on the bosom of the watery expanse.

"Great, bald-faced hornets, 'Shazzar!" exclaimed young Harry, "there goes that poor young captain to destruction, and we unable to help him! But we've done our duty, Bell; we done all we could until we were feteally discomfited. We're tired, and wet as mops. It's a damper on us, old friend, and all because we're so unfortunate as to be boys. It always did seem to me that boys war the most persecuted set of critters that ever war inflicted on the world. And yet one can't jump out of babyhood into manhood; things they got to take their natural course. Now, if we'd been gals, Bell, we'd not be here to-night; but tucked away somewhere in a quiet nest of feathers and quilts. But what's the use to lament a boy's a boy, and ye can't make anything else out of him. Besides, we enjoy all this as only boys can enjoy fun. But poor Rankin! I hope he'll get through all right with that red-skin. I want to tell him sumthin'—sumthin' that he'd never have suspected, old dog. They say boys have alers got their noses into other people's business, and know more'n they ort to; but, 'Shazzar, a feller's got to know a heap to travel through this jassack of a country. Now, the captain may have a sight ov book learnin', and know all about handlin' a sword, and military things, but they didn't help him to a knowledge of one thing—that is, of the border and its characters. If they only had, he'd not been trapped by a traitor!"

Belshazzar raised his eyes and gazed at the face of his young master as though he fully comprehended his words.

"Yes, Bell," continued the lad, "that man Mucklewhee war a condemned traitor to Rankin, he was, for a cruel fact. It war him that had the trap arranged for the captain's reception. But, hoppin' hornits, 'Shazz, I give the low-browed wretch a jolt across the organum that sent him to water. I don't know whether he got out or not—nor I don't care; but I do know he is a black-hearted traitor! now, Belshazzar, what is it, old pard?"

The dog started up with a low growl toward the woods.

The massive tread of a foot sounded near, and a moment later Happy Harry saw the giant figure of a white man appear from the dense shadows of the undergrowth.

"Great hoppin' hornits and glory!" shouted the youth, springing to his feet and advancing toward the intruder, "it is my big friend—my dear friend, Long-Beard, it is, for a living fact!"

(To be continued.)

A MEMORY.

BY ABBIE CLEMENS MORROW.

Five-year-old Jennie, tiny and fair,
With blue eyes and golden hair,
Walked in the garden with her papa,
Early flowers were springing;

Halt! she lifted her lip pale face,
The sunlight kissed with its glancing grace,
And said, as her father ceased his voice,
"Papa, didn't God make himself?"

"My darling, He made this world of ours;
Budding trees and beautiful flowers;
The air we breathe, you cloudland towers;
But our God has lived forever."

Parents and child in the twilight stay
When father questions in thoughtful way,
Our girl was thinking of what to say,
"Papa, didn't God make himself?"

The child looked up with an eager gaze,
Sure she could answer mother's amaze,
And said, in the sunset's dying haze,
"Papa, you say it and see what you think."

Now we walk in the garden alone,
Our darling little Jennie has flown;
Up to a place by the Savior's throne;

"For such is the kingdom of heaven."

Nick Whiffles' Pet:

OR,

NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE LIGHT.

YOUNG Ned Hazel was happy, as he left his friends on the edge of Elk River, and started through the woods for his home. He whistled and sang, for everything looked bright and cheery to him.

It was certain now that Miona was very little, if any, less than an angel, and that when he and she grew to womanhood, they were intended for each other.

"I love Nick," he mused, as he walked along; "but I am not going to spend my life as he does in the woods. There is a great world around me, and I must see it, and make my mark in it. I have got a father somewhere, and I begin to feel like getting acquainted with him."

He was full of dreams of a glorious future, and of the fortune he was going to carve for himself.

"I shall make Miona proud of me some day," he added, with a glowing face. "I have grown to be a big boy, without knowing much of books, but I have the will and the brains, and I'll do it."

"Ah! the enthusiasm of youth! if it could only follow us through manhood, down the slope of life, what wonders we might accomplish! What heroes all of us would be! what victories the historian would have to write opposite our names!

"Yes, sir—that's what I'm going to do—hello!"

The last exclamation was caused by the sight of a man, that came into view just in front of him. The lad paused a moment, and then, as he recognized Mr. Mackintosh, he bade him good-morning and walked toward him.

"I am looking for Nick Whiffles; I suppose you direct me to his cabin?"

"Yes; it's close by, but you won't find him home."

"I am sorry about that," said Mackintosh, "for I have come on special business. What time to-day will he be back?"

"Not to-day, nor to-morrow, unless it's very late to-morrow night."

The superintendent showed by his looks that he was greatly disappointed. He stood as if he was debating with himself.

"Come to the cabin with me, and wait there till he comes back."

Mackintosh accepted the invitation in an absent sort of way, and the two walked silently in the direction of the cabin. Reaching there, Ned entered first, and the first thing that attracted his eye was the "baby clothes," lying upon the ground.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, as he stooped down and picked them up, "Nick went off in such a hurry that he forgot to put them away."

"Let me see them, please," said Mackintosh, who was only a step or two behind; "these are the very articles about which I came to see Nick."

Ned passed them over to the visitor without thought. The latter held them to the light, turned very white, and trembled so that he sat down to keep from falling.

"Oh, Heaven!" he gasped, looking in a strange, wild way at the boy.

"What's the matter," asked Ned, surprised and alarmed.

"Are these the garments that were around you when you were found?"

"So Nick says."

"Then you are my own darling, long lost boy!" exclaimed the overjoyed Mackintosh, as he threw his arms about the lad, weeping like a woman as he did so.

As for Ned, he felt so strange that he hardly knew what to do, but he was conscious of a new emotion of pleasure, and something like an instinctive love for his parent caused him to return the embrace, and to shed tears too.

There was silence for a few minutes, and then, as the boy released himself, he sat down and looked up in the face of his parent, his own countenance beaming with a heavenly delight.

"I am so glad that you are my father," he said; "tell me all about it!"

"Ever since I saw you the other day, I have had a curious feeling about you. Your age, looks, and the account you gave of Nick Whiffles' finding you, led me to think it possible you were my long-lost boy. The more I thought of it, the more determined did I become that Nick should give me an explanation of the matter, and that is why I have left my men and come to see him."

"How came I to be lost to you?"

"Ah! what a happy day awaits your mother!" continued Mackintosh, wiping the tears of joy from his eyes, and heedless of the question of the lad. "What a handsome boy you have grown to be; how proud I am and how proud she will be. Come here, let me shake hands with you again."

At length the father grew more calm.

"Your mother is now in London, where I hope you and I will soon join her. Are you willing to go with me?"

"I am wild for the chance; and will you educate me?"

"Nothing that wealth and love can do for you shall be undone."

"I have been growing weary of this life; I only want to see Nick and bid him good-by. He'll be wild for me to go."

"You were born in London, and your mother accompanied me to Fort Churchill when you were about three years of age. In the spring, when the weather was as charming as it is now, she started with me on a ramble

along the banks of the Saskatchewan. We remained there only a few days, when, with a party of friends, we came further south to Elk River, where we engaged in fishing for a couple of weeks.

"As there was sometimes danger from wild animals, we frequently anchored our canoe out in the river and slept in that. One night I was in returning to where I had left you and your mother. She was in such rugged health that I had little fear in leaving her alone for a time; but I was later than I intended in getting back, it being past midnight when I reached the shore where I had left her.

"I found her asleep on the bank, but you and the canoe were gone. I awoke her in some surprise to know what it meant. She was more amazed than I, for she had anchored out in the river, and lay down to sleep there, waiting for me to rouse her by calling to her.

"But the truth soon came out. Mary was a somnambulist, and in her sleep she had paddled ashore, and let the boat float down stream with me.

"As you may be supposed, we started, almost distracted, to hunt for you. That terrible search I can never forget. At the end of two days we found the canoe, but you were gone!

"I concluded at once that you had waked up, and, without knowing your danger, had crawled over the side of the canoe and was drowned. Then we spent days in searching for your body, but failed, of course. Your mother clung to the belief that you had been stolen by some Indian, and to gratify her I continued the search.

"She clung to her belief for years, and it was only a short time ago that she gave you up and returned to England. I had so completely lost all hope, that even when I heard what you told me the other day, I was not convinced."

"What is my name?"

"Edward Mackintosh; Nick got the first part right."

"I have a canoe," said the boy; "let's go down the river and meet Nick."

This was agreed to, and they started off at once.

CHAPTER XX.

A STRANGE BARGAIN.

For one moment the group of fugitives in the white canoe sat dumb with despair, as they saw that escape was out of the question.

Myra Bandman covered her face, as if to shut out the dreadful scene; Miona sat paralyzed; Hugh reached out to take the rifle of the hunter.

"Let us die fighting!" he said, but Nick Whiffles drew back.

"None of that; leave matters to me."

The Indian canoe headed straight toward them, and there would have been a collision had not Nick waved them off.

"Don't come any nigher!"

This command, extraordinary under the circumstances, was obeyed, and the Blackfoot halted a dozen feet distant. He then addressed himself directly to Woo-wol-na, speaking in the Indian tongue.

"What do you want?"

"They belong to us," replied the chief, referring to his companions; "we have come to separate from him."

"Do you want me?" he asked.

"You deserve death," said the sachem, in effect; "but years ago, when I and a few of my warriors were overwhelmed by the Shoshone, you fought by my side; Woo-wol-na has not forgotten that day, and on that account he will not harm his brother, the great hunter; but your companions belong to me, and I must have them."

"They are man and wife," said Nick, still using the Blackfoot tongue; "why do you wish to separate them?"

Stoical as was the Indian, it was plain to see that he was surprised by this information, but it did not affect his resolution.

"He has been condemned to death; he has slept in the Death Lodge, and he must die."

"Is there no sacrifice we can offer that will answer for his life?"

Curiously enough, Woo-wol-na was struck with the question, and he consulted for several minutes with his warriors. Then, with a peculiar expression, he turned back again.

"Is she his daughter?" he asked, pointing to Miona.

"She is."

"And they wish her to go with them?"

"They value her life like their own."

"Leave her with us, and the rest may go." This remarkable proposition of course was understood by all except Bandman, to whom Nick explained it.

"No," he replied, indignantly, "we will before we will desert our daughter, will we not, Myra?"

"A thousand times, yes," she added, pressing her darling child to her breast.

Nick Whiffles now displayed characteristic cunning. Waiting until the tumult had somewhat spent itself, he asked the mother:

"Why do they want the gal to stay?"

"The chief has a son, that he hopes to make a great warrior, and he always said Miona should be his wife."

The eyes of the old hunter sparkled.

"That's no likelihood then but what he'll take the best care of her, and suffer no one to abuse her?"

"Of course; that is what he is after."

"How old is the gal?"

"Only thirteen."

"I suppose I tell him you're willin' to leave her five years, and to give her leave to marry me when he chooses—will you do that?"

"Oh! how can I—"

Saturday Journal

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While we print in our columns, every year, more *first-class serials* for general readers than any other paper, proceeding upon the principle to use nothing that is not up to the best standard, and never resorting to "padding" with English stories, we offer, in every issue, more readily readable matter than those journals that make quantity the criterion, not quality.

This policy is especially noticeable in our matter prepared for boys, who find in the SATURDAY JOURNAL writers and stories that always command enthusiastic attention. They will look in vain through the so-called boys' papers for such authors and productions as we have introduced, and will continue to introduce, to our columns. What paper, for instance, has offered anything comparable with Oll Coomes' "Idaho Tom," "Bowie Knife Ben," "Red Rob," "Dashing Dick," etc., with Capt. Whitaker's "Lance and Lasso," C. D. Clark's "Snow Hunters," "Camp and Canoe," "The Seal Hunters," "Rod and Rife," etc., etc.? Why, these things are unapproachable!

Only Mayne Reid has equalled them, and as he, too, is 'one of our own,' we may quite consistently aver that, for the BEST BOYS' SERIALS and the ROMANCE OF ADVENTURE, those seeking for them—old boys and young—will have to look to the NEW YORK SATURDAY JOURNAL.

As an earnest of what is in store for our readers, we may now announce that the following are on schedule for early use, viz.:

THE SWORD HUNTERS. By author of "Lance and Lasso." A sequel to that delightful romance.

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And especially good things from Buffalo Bill, Col. Prentiss Ingraham, and others of our regular contributors.

What enjoyment for the Winter days!

What entertainment for the Winter nights!

Sunshine Papers.**Poetic Philosophy.**

"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all," says Tennyson. But there are persons who consider the words a mere bit of poetic sentimentality, and, blind to their undercurrent of philosophy, defiantly differ from the graceful measures of the poet-laureate's song. Better to have loved and endured the agony of seeing love grow cold? Better to have loved and learned the torture of finding love false? Better to have loved only to have lost the bliss swiftly in the grave? No! better never to have loved at all! say they.

Of course this is the decision of those who only speak of the passion as it exists between those of opposite sexes. But by what peculiarity of temperament, dwarfed consciousness, and fallacious reasoning, their deduction is evoked is, to me, truly unintelligible. I conceive that Tennyson's words are based upon a subtle comprehension of the heart, a nice perception of human nature. Of all the passions incident to mankind none is so absorbing, so powerful, so sweet as love. But even the intense sweetness of love must find life within itself; must develop or remain dwarfishly concentrate as the passion is purely unselfish or reprehensibly self-worshipful. That exquisite bliss of the soul which spends itself upon some object in utter devotion to its idol and entire abnegation of self can never be turned to lasting bitterness, though change and death may shadow it briefly. The grave cannot come between the grand passion of two souls. Love cannot end in blankness. And even when the reciprocal affection hoped for prove false the true love lavished will survive. Unless self-condemnation has some part in the inner life, that love must henceforth live, the sting of the heart-wound cannot last forever. True love revives in the magical sunshine of memory and makes beautiful a lifetime. And surely the soul's realization of its powers, though the knowledge be gained through the mixture of bitter with sweet, is worth ten thousand vapid lives ignorant of their own dormant passions. Never yet was pure love of man for woman, or woman for man, that did not enoble and glorify its possessor—though love unthought and unreturned.

But there is the love of parents for their children, of children for their parents, of friend for friend, of the loyal heart for its birthplace and country. What one of these but realizes that the bliss of love is immeasurably more powerful and lasting than the evil of loss? What parent mourning for a darling child—gone suddenly, only a little before, in the glorious Beyond—would rather never have suffered the cares of paternity nor known the joy of loving than to have lost the dear one now? What child would choose not to have experienced the tenderness of parental affection rather than to have rested in its sweet protection for a brief period only soon to lose it? Who would forsake all the comforts of friendships because misunderstandings and partings must come? What hero of any land ever shed his heart's blood for his country and regretted the sacrifice because he knew it was for a lost cause?

And, it seems to me, there is a still deeper philosophy underlying Tennyson's beautiful lines, than is consonant with their theme. Not in love alone, but in all the trifles that make up our daily lives is the theory true that no good is ever less good because evil may follow in its track. The need of praise received to-day will not be less precious to-morrow when harshest censures are falling; the kindly glance, the gentle word, the tender touch of

the present will lose none of their identity, nor the sweetness which haloes them, in the future that may find them withheld; the day's sunshine is no less glorious in reality or memory than a tempest is its successor. Oh! every day, every hour, every minute of our lives, let us seek to make bright, joyous, blissful for some one. One vividly-remembered hour of intense joy is worth a lifetime of monotonous years; one gloriously happy day, with many such successors, years-full of uneventful ones.

The true philosophy, not of poetry only, but of life, is love; love broad enough to desire the happiness of all earth's creatures and high enough to retain, always, faith in itself and humanity. **A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.**

AIRY PEOPLE.

I DON'T like airy people. Not even in the hottest days of summer, when the sun is pouring down its fiercest rays and a good breeze is most desirable, can I feel as though I could fancy them. Those who put on the most airs, and carry their heads the highest, are usually the ones who have sprung from nothing, or who once were nonentities and nobodies. It is not their fault because they once were ciphers in the world. I suppose, if we had our way about it, we would all be born educated, refined, and wealthy, but as we can't have our own way, we must submit to circumstances.

Mind you, I don't think one whit the worse of people because they have been poor and have had a hard struggle and tug with the world; yet, when they get a little "forehand" in the world, as the saying has it, and they put on consequential airs, I don't think any the better of them for their wealth; do you?

Many of you have seen Hermann Blitz or some other equally celebrated magician, and you have wondered at the marvels performed and the transformations wrought. I've seen great, if not greater, transformations, and by those who did not pretend to be magicians at all. I've known a few hundred dollars to make such a change in an individual that you would not have recognized her as the same being you once knew. She thought, because she had money and could furnish her house in a stylish manner, and wear such costumes as she pleased, that she was much better than the generality of human beings, that she would be thought more of, and that her requests would be almost law. Poor, silly, mistaken creature! How sadly she deceived herself! As she grew rich she shook off those who were as poor as she once was, and endeavored to get into what is styled "good society." This she could not do, because good society—if the society is good for anything—thinks a little bit of education and the rules of etiquette—requirements and accomplishments she did not possess.

There was a young fellow I have in mind—don't think I am endeavoring to "catch" him, for he is married, all the better for me!—who used to be one of the most good-natured fellows you would be likely to meet of a sunshiny day. He was poor, and was likely to remain so; but we thought none the worse of him for that. I'll acknowledge that he worked hard, very hard, indeed, to gain for himself a little more than a competence; and, when he had surmounted all obstacles, and was a little more than even with the world, none rejoiced more at what he had accomplished than those who grew up around him.

But "a change came o'er, the spirit of his dream." Money allowed him to make more display, but it drove all his good nature away, and put a proud spirit into his heart. With an old straw hat on his head, and patched garments on his body, he would drive his old lumbering cart, filled with vegetables, to market. Now he rides behind a trotter, dressed in the best clothes, money can procure. The storekeepers are called out to hitch his horses to the post, so that he will not soil his gloves. Do these same storekeepers reverence him for his money? Not a bit of it! They laugh at his ridiculous assumption of airs, and ask him "what sized gloves he used to wear when he drove the old wagon-load of potatoes to market?" It may not be right of them, but the aggravation and temptation are too strong to resist.

Among his boasts is the one in which he states that he drives the fastest horse in town. One is almost tempted to send him a copy of Oliver Wendell Holmes' poems, with the following paragraph marked with a blue pencil:

"Ay, gather your reins and crack your thong,
And bid your steed go faster;
That he has a fool for a master!"

Oh, dear, how much better people would be if they could only bear a charge for the better! We are continually impressing those around us that they should bear their misfortunes like a man, and yet we do not seem to think it worth while to advise those in the same manner who have good fortunes. And where, and to whom is the advice more needed?

These airy people could but see how contemptible they appear in the eyes of others when they would soon drop the role of fops, and become more like sensible human beings.

EVE LAWLESS.

CORRECTING FAULTS.

To cultivate habits of industry and independence will do far more toward reforming the idle and improvident than to heap censure upon them, however much it may be merited.

To instill a sense of justice and integrity is a much greater safeguard against dishonesty than the firmest locks and bars. To inspire the heart with ambition for worthy objects, and to infuse the desire for self-improvement, are better correctives of debasing amusements and vicious company than all the homilies that could be pronounced against them. The earnest promulgation of one solid truth is worth more than the violent denunciation of twenty errors. The employer who, instead of finding fault, scolding, and awakening in those who serve him feelings of resentment and ill-temper, encourages and stimulates them by kind notice and liberal praise when merited, is training them to habits of fidelity and industry that no stern rebukes and harsh severity could ever induce. There is a cheerfulness attending this positive method of doing good that is specially attractive and winning. Fear, rebuke and condemnation are depressing in their influence, while hope, encouragement and sympathy excite the faculties to renewed exertion, and animate the heart to noble endeavors. It is true that it requires patience, watchfulness, self-control, forethought, and, above all, faith in human nature. It is far easier to censure the wrong than to cultivate the right. To do the latter needs a hopeful, earnest, cheerful spirit, not easily depressed or daunted, and able to infuse its own nature into the hearts of others. It needs a charity that makes allowance for faults and shortcomings, an untiring energy that will never yield to despair, a love that shall melt all coldness.

The results will more than reward the truly benevolent heart in the real good accomplished. The impetus thus given to moral energy will never spend itself; the fire of worthy ambition thus aroused and quickened will never be extinguished; the positive virtue thus established will never be overthrown.

Foolscap Papers.**My Last Humorous Book.**

The last humorous book I ever wrote was written under the most unfavorable circumstances. I was in debt and out of money, and hadn't a friend of whom I hadn't borrowed.

I did not dare to go out on the street for fear I would run accidentally against some man I owed and hurt myself—or him.

All the hundred-dollar bills I had in my pocket were out.

There was no use for me to put my hands in my pockets even if they were cold.

I thought when I wrote the book that it would be so full of solemnness that it would be ahead of *Solemn-in himself*.

But, funny to state, it was the funniest book that was ever written. I didn't intend it to be so, but, somehow, when I try to be serious I turn out humorous, and everybody says they would rather read and laugh at my serious writings than my comic ones. I think it must be in the ink or the pen that I happen to use.

It always goes contrary to my expectations, and I am therefore not responsible for it. I am not responsible for anything—at least here, where I live.

This book, the funniest ever bound, was bound to make you laugh. It would make you laugh only to look at the outside of it; there were more double and twisted laughs in it to the square inch than you could get over for a week. Proof: the binders of the first edition all laughed themselves to death or into the lunatic asylum!

To be serious: The title of this remarkable book was "The Meditations of an Undertaker, or Sad Scenes in Life."

When you read that book it didn't require you to hire a little nigger to tickle you in the ribs to make you laugh. Not a nigger!

Some of the jokes were so immense that it took seven or eight men to laugh over them, then the coroner would have to come along and sit on the remains of the last one.

Some people who read the book through were never known to laugh afterward, and I'll tell you why; they would get all the laughter out that happened to be in them and they could never recuperate.

It was awful!

Whenever that book was taken into the house it instantly put everybody in a good humor; the baby stopped crying, the children stopped fighting, and the wife ceased suddenly to jaw.

At some of the jokes the reader had to stop and run around the square to hunt up some one to help him to laugh. This was what made it so expensive to read the book.

No matter how sad the bread might be for dinner that book always put it in good humor.

Whenever the book was nailed up over the door your wife's aunt, or your mother-in-law, never came, and you were never troubled with a dun.

It was really a very painful thing to read that book, because it exhausted a person so, and it was so alive with jokes that it never could be got to lie still on the table.

I know of one fellow who read it and was laughing at one of the jokes so violently that he got his mouth stretched back over his head, and was in great danger of going clear through, when a couple of blacksmiths with hammers saved him.

The very smallest joke was warranted to cover a man's face with a smile as sweet as an inch layer of maple molasses.

Doctors have treated readers of that book for convulsions when it was only a very violent case of good-humor.

It made such fun at your neighbor that everybody living along the street bought one and reveled in it, not thinking that he was a neighbor himself.

Unlike other humorous books, it had places in the text that told you just where to laugh, and a person couldn't resist the instructions.

I might say modestly, right here, that I am the greatest laughed-at man that ever lived.

Men who had never been known to smile again have found their faces drawn into one of those beautiful pictures of pleasure, pleasantness, and then they would run out and kick themselves for their unseemly hilarity.

Everybody took that book instead of straight lessons. Seven hundred copies of it were taken in one night from a bookseller's shelves by one man, who was discovered the next morning by a detective, behind a fence, laughing shamefully as he was reading. He was arrested and sentenced to read one through every day for three months. He died on the fourth day and went to heaven.

Landlords kept the book constantly because landlords didn't care much for vitiating when it was around.

Reading that book would put everybody in good humor with all human beings, and also with his mother-in-law.

Each page was crowded so full of jokes that they ran over and spilled out.

The very types were grotesque, and one punctuation point was warranted to cure the worst fit of the blues, and every joke was sure to catch a man by the collar and shake him all around the room.

You could always tell whether that book had yet reached a town by the loud noise of laughter everywhere, and the increase of funerals.

The authorities finally got out an injunction on the book, from the fact that it was too funny, restricted trade, prevented the paying of debts, and because it was depopulating to the nation.

Other writers tried to frown on this book, but they never were able to do it.

Yours in fun,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

Nashville had a smiling contest, as an adjunct to a Presbyterian church fair. There were three competitors, young men, and a judge to decide which of them smiled most sweetly. Three trials were had, the contestants standing on a platform in full view of the assembly, with a strong light thrown on their faces. Louis Tallichet was the winner of the prize, which was the privilege of kissing any one of the girls attending the candy counter, where the prettiest daughters of the church were engaged. If Louis will have that smile photographed, and let me have the secret of producing it, we'll send him, in return, the photograph of the girl who ought to be his second wife!

A Richmond journal furnishes facts and figures to show that the negroes, obeying a law of their nature, are gradually drifting to the tropical or semi-tropical regions of the country.

The editor says the black man's "passage towards the Isthmus of Darien is a matter of philosophical certainty," which is a mere inference without proof. The black man is indigenous to this country and soil, and will never emigrate or congregate in any special section. Even if a State were set apart for his use he would not go there and remain. While the race is gregarious, and the ties of home or locality are not strong, yet any attempt to colonize the negro, or to segregate him from the white race, must prove futile. Here he was born and here he will stay to the end, both because we need him and he needs us. This is our view of the case.

The Norristown Herald man has his say about our protest against women passing the hat in church. "The hatress is again agitated," he says, "whether women shall be permitted to pass the hat in our churches. A few years ago, when hoops were in vogue, the ladies couldn't pass the hat in the aisle without dragging it into the pew they entered. But the present style of dress permits them to pass the hat easily enough." Maybe so, but put a hat in a window and see if any woman will pass it? But a hat in a show-window isn't a hat in church: one is of the world, worldly, the other is of the reserve brigade that puts in an appearance only on dress occasions and Sunday, and, therefore, should be treated reverently. Women mustn't presume on its use.

—The report is gained currency that Brigham Young seriously contemplates a removal to Palestine, in the Holy Land, and only awaits the proper authority and protection of a "firm" from the Sultan to arrange for a regular hegira of the Mormons from Utah to the Holy Land. It would be a most remarkable spectacle to witness a re-population of the land of the patriarchs by a race from the New World, whose civilization is of the patriarchal type. The interest in Palestine is growing more lively than this time.

MON CHATEAU.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

In summer's sunny zone
My castle stands alone,
With rare its pictured walls,
While soft stately halls
Soft music's dreamy tone
In sweetest silence falls.

Within a pleasant vale—
And here the cool pale
Steals on the silent hours,
O'er tree and tender flowers,
And there an evening sail,
And here the vine-clad bower.

And the well-loved are here,
But not a falling tear;
For the swift decay,
Or this encumbered day,
But Heaven seems very near,
And earth so far away!

Then all this gathering gloom
I heed not, nor the rime
That chilly airs bestow;
Let bleak winds rudely blow;
I dwell not in this clime—
I live in my chateau!

Vials of Wrath:
THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIVING DEAD.

FRANK HAVELSTOCK walked slowly thoughtfully, away from his interview with Ethel, switching off the daisy-stars with his light cane, his bold, sinister eyes bent downward, as if to hide the emotion he knew must be mirrored there.

He didn't look like a lover who has just claimed the assurance of the affection of the one dearest to him of all on earth, and proud, sensitive Ethel would have shrunk from him in utter, pained horror, could she have read his thoughts as he walked from Mrs. Lawrence's cottage to Tanglewood—a long walk, but very pleasant, that breezy summer late-afternoon.

"I can't, for the life of me, tell what has possessed me, to actually fall in love sufficiently with any one to propose marriage. I, the nearest of kin to Theo Lexington, to whom all the magnificent estate will come, if I still keep myself in my haughty cousin's good graces. And my sweetheart, only queenly girl with a face like an angel's, and as pure as a snowdrop! I don't wonder I have succumbed when I recall her wondrous beauty, that, in all probability, will one day grace Tanglewood's aristocratic halls. She's poor—poor as poverty, I know, as well as that her impermeability is only equalled by her pride and high-toned principles; but she comes of good stock, I suppose, as Mrs. Lawrence says she is related, somehow, to the family of her husband. She insinuated, very disgustingly—ugh! the cat!—that Ethel was really Mr. Lawrence's own child, born previous to his first marriage."

Havelstock's thoughts ran about in this direction the entire distance of his walk. He had met no one, or been passed by no one, until just now, as he came in sight of the porter's lodge at Tanglewood.

A gentleman in traveling suit, whose dust and general disorder denoted a long journey, had checked his horse at the closed bronze gates, and was holding a parley with the non-communicative porter—a rather crusty old fellow, who fully appreciated the dignity of his position as porter at Tanglewood gates, and who felt the high honor of serving such an exclusive, aristocratic family as the Lexingtons.

Havelstock was still too far off to perfectly scan the features of the stranger, but he saw the fine figure, the bold, upright bearing, the independent style that verged on recklessness. He saw the animal the horseman rode was proud-spirited, almost ungovernable, of hand-some build and stylish air, which, together with the carelessly firm hand with which the rider held him in, was an evidence, in Havelstock's estimation, of the stranger's right to the title of gentleman.

He heard his voice before he approached sufficiently near to discover the features, that were partially disguised by the slouched hat over the brows. He heard a clear, attractive voice, that uttered bold, straightforward sentences; a voice that was strangely familiar, yet wholly unrecognizable.

He quickened his pace just as the horseman touched his whip to the glossy flank, and in a second they met—one in pale, passionate wrath, the other in a surprise almost a terror, that momentarily struck him speechless.

The stranger brought his horse suddenly to its haunches as he caught a glimpse of Havelstock's astonished countenance, and a lurid smile made the hot passion in his face the more vivid by contrast.

"Well, old fellow, you seem surprised to see me—strange, too, that you recognize me. No one else has."

"Good heavens, surprised! you ask if I am surprised to see a man everybody has thought dead and buried these seventeen years or more! Is it really you, Vincy? Good heavens, what will Georgia do?"

A dark frown shadowed the man's face.

"It is really I, Carleton Vincy, who, as you remark, has been, to all intents and purposes, dead—and with good effect, it seems, since, Enoch Arden like, I come home to find my wife married to another husband."

His eyes darkened ominously, and he glanced menacingly in the direction of Tanglewood, whose large, dome-like observatory was reflecting the rays of the setting sun.

Havelstock was watching Vincy closely, strange, wild thoughts running rampant through his brain, that lent almost satanic brightness to his bold black eyes. He remained perfectly composed, however, while he measured his man critically.

"You have not seen Georgia—you have not been at Tanglewood?"

"I have been nowhere since I landed this morning. I look like making a call on Mrs. Lexington, don't I?"

His voice was so fraught with bitterness even Havelstock thought what a terrible enemy this man would make.

"It is delightful, isn't it?" Vincy went on, "to leave a wife and baby and go off to meet one's fortunes, and then, the object accomplished, to come home to—"

He pointed his hand at the gleaming tower again, in a gesture of rage.

Havelstock's eyes began to gleam—it would take so little effort to further inflame this jealous, wrathful man. And away down the future, with his sinister eyes of prophecy, he saw the results of the work he would do—all his own way.

"You remember, Vincy, that you were never very good to Georgia. You remember

you neglected her after your marriage, and for several months neglected to support her and her child."

He watched the result of his words. Vincy flushed darkly.

"I know it—she was such a poor, miserable, sickly thing, always complaining, and the young one in a chronic state of squalor. Besides, between you and I, Havelstock, you know how ugly and thin she was. I got tired of her."

"I know it," said Havelstock, quietly. "And after you had left her unprovided for, for a long while after your departure—no one knew whether or why—Mrs. Vincy instituted a suit for divorce, and received her liberty, with full permission to marry again."

Vincy dug his spurs into his horse's side in a sudden impulse of passion, that made him plunge wildly. Havelstock stepped back, enjoying with all his heart the havos his information made, the passions the news aroused.

"Divorced? She dared get a divorce from me—to marry Theodore Lexington! I hated her when she had supposed herself a widow and free to marry again; but now, when I know she deliberately severed her allegiance to me—Havelstock, it's lucky she doesn't stand where you do—I'd shoot her in her tracks!"

His face worked convulsively, his eyes seemed to radiate fire,

"You wouldn't hate her if you saw her now, Vincy. She has developed into the most exquisitely beautiful woman you ever saw—slender, yet of perfectly symmetrical proportions, and as proud and haughty as ever."

"I presume Lexington idolizes her, then—the scoundrel!"

"He worships her; but there is some sort of trouble between them, I believe, about the child, I think—your child, you remember. It died while it was little, and since then—"

He hesitated, as if he was loath to uncover family secrets. He meant to inspire Vincy with more jealousy and rage, and then make him an eager, willing, unconscious instrument in his hands.

"It will be the death of her, I warn you, Vincy. Lexington never dreamed she was a divorced woman, and it nearly drove him crazy when he discovered her deceit. He supposed her merely an honorable widow. Your unexpected appearance will put the finishing touch to his already wounded, mortified pride."

A gleam of satisfaction lighted Vincy's eyes. He bent over his saddle and peered closely into Havelstock's face.

"You are his cousin—you are intimate at Tanglewood, at least I suppose so, judging from past precedence; you know exactly how the land lies—how Georgia is circumstanced; how justly I hate her and her husband; how willingly I would torment them to death as part payment for my position in the affair. Will you strike hands?"

There was a hundred-fold more meaning in his eyes and voice, than even in his unmistakable language, and Havelstock's heart throbbed with an elation he could scarcely conceal.

"I will think of it. You and I were intimate friends twenty years ago, when we were young and foolish, Vincy; and then we shared secrets with each other we scarcely care to recall, even now. I can trust you, I know; and you can trust me, fully. I can be a safe ally, and render you such assistance as no one else can."

"And if I remember aright, there never has been any particular affection between you and my wife—Mr. Lexington's wife, begging your pardon! You disliked Mrs. Vincy, I remember."

"No more, than I detect Mrs. Lexington, even while I know her to be as pure, as beautiful, as thoroughly noble a woman as ever lived. I dislike her because our natures are exactly dissimilar, because she seems to shrink from me with an instinctive dread; because she makes me feel as I don't like to feel—every way her inferior, morally."

Vincy smiled, darkly.

"You are candid, Havelstock, and I will admit as much. When she lived with me, it seemed as if every look of her eyes, every act of her hands—even when she rocked her baby on her breast—reproved me, dumbly. And yet, Havelstock, she is a wife that any man might be proud of, if she has added such beauty to her mortal attractions."

He said it eagerly, and Havelstock saw the working of the leaven.

"My only fear is, that when you see her, you will worship her as madly as her husband does. You will also have to contend against the galling fact that you once possessed her, while she is now forever beyond your reach."

His evil words had their desired effect.

"I'll see her to-morrow, and the result remains to be known. Where can I see you to-morrow?"

Havelstock laughed, lightly.

"Nowhere to-morrow, or for a fortnight. I shall be married in the morning to the prettiest little girl you ever came across, down yonder."

He pointed his cane over the way he had come.

Vincy stared in unfeigned amazement.

"Married! you, an old bird, caught with such poor chaff as a girl's face! Havelstock, you're a fool! Why, man, you are losing the good sense that distinguished you at twenty-three, when that blue-eyed little actress—"

Havelstock frowned.

"Hold on, Vincy! Don't mention that girl's name in the same day with my betrothed wife. Miss Mary is a lady."

"Oh, all right—I only hope you won't turn out as big a blank as I have in the lottery. She is rich, I dare say, or you wouldn't put your head in the noose."

Havelstock flushed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"She hasn't a cent in the world. It's a clear case of infatuation, you see—and I—not as young as I was once." By George, though, Vincy, I believe I do love her better than any woman I ever saw. And I didn't know her a month ago!"

Vincy's eyes widened, incredulously.

"You'd have been wise to have waited until you were sure you wouldn't tire of her. To-morrow! it is sudden, Havelstock. What will Lexington say to your bringing a wife to Tanglewood?"

Havelstock's lip curled.

"Do you suppose I shall take my wife there? I shall hire a cottage in Harlem, I think, and I can run down to Tanglewood as easily from there as from New York."

"Then you are not staying here?"

"I have been, and shall still consider it head-quarters. There are several pretty girls there now, which makes it pleasant."

"Why didn't you marry one of them, you foolish man?"

"Heiresses of several hundred thousand don't generally condescend to a thousand-a-year husband, do they?"

Vincy laughed.

"Well, you know your own business. See me when you can, at the St. Nicholas."

He rode away, Havelstock's eyes watching him with evil satisfaction.

CHAPTER XIII.
HOODWINKING SHARP EYES.

Of mightier import to him, than even the anticipated change in Havelstock's life, was the astonishing, exciting fact of Carleton Vincy's sudden, fatal appearance, at a time when it only needed a sight of him, a knowledge of his existence, to set in executive order all the scheming propensities of this man.

He had hitherto worked alone in his plans of treachery for the overthrow of his cousin's happiness, and the eventual reward such an overthrow would bring; but now—and he thought, with a sneer of triumph, that Satan never deserted his own—Carleton Vincy, Georgia's first husband, with his anger, his jealousy, his hatred toward the man who had usurped his place—Carleton Vincy called it usurpation—with his re-flaming love for the beautiful woman who was once his wife, and the revenge he felt like hating upon her for her treatment of him in his absence—this combination of evil passions was certainly sent to him for use—

Her mood changed suddenly, after they had ridden a dozen yards away. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes fairly scintillated with excitement, as she laughed and talked vehemently.

On the whole, it rather pleased Havelstock.

He was such an insuperably selfish nature that it was very essential to his happiness to know that some one—any one, for that matter suffered, as Ida certainly did, on his account.

So he watched her with a keen relish, and while he purposely added fuel to the flames of her passionate disappointment by speaking in a low, caressing voice, or meeting her eyes with peculiar meaning in his own, he was all the time thinking how immeasurably superior Ethel Mary was to this girl, bright, fiery, witching though she was.

And the two rode along, whose life-threads were fast to almost inextricable entanglement, who little dreamed of their future doom, who never once associated golden-haired, dark-eyed Ethel with their own combined intricacies.

Of the three Ethel was decidedly the happiest, not even excepting her betrayer lover.

The shadow of death had indeed darkened over her, and she was almost friendless in the wide world; and yet she was so frightfully happy as she watched her lover away, beside Ida Wynne's side, that she wondered if it was not wicked of her. She loved him so; she was so confident of him—that sure trustfulness that is the groundwork of a true woman's love, that, once destroyed, is as surely followed by the death of affection as cause is followed by effect.

As yet, Ethel believed Frank Havelstock to be all a lover, a gentleman, could be. As yet, brightest skies beamed over her head. Ah! if she had seen even the edge of the shadow of the darkness that was doomed to engulf her!

But she was so happy as she watched Frank Havelstock ride away, his splendid figure set off by his best advantage on horseback, his impassioned eyes turned once back to her with a world of eloquent meaning in them.

So handsome, so polished, so loving—and, her own betrothed husband, whose name and fortune she would share before many more suns had lowered so far as to-day's had done—and its almost level rays were shining in her sweet face, as if in glad congratulation.

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Mark. They knew that death was abroad in the forest that night. With that black charge hanging over their heads—while the honest portion of the Windy Gapers believed them guilty of abducting Edna Brand—punishment would swiftly follow capture. This was the fear that assailed the two friends—that Mark, unsuspecting danger, had fallen into the hands of the enraged miners.

"Look here, pard," sharply cried Old Business, his hand falling heavily upon Pike's shoulder. "That's played out. You brace up, brush the cobwebs outen your eyes, an' be a man, or durned if I don't mount ye an' chaw your ear like pizen—you hear me?"

"What do you want with me?" the old miner asked, as he arose painfully from his cramped position. "You haven't hearn nothing in' of Mark's?"

"No, nor I don't reckon we will, nuther, when we stay here till the cows come home," was the testy reply. "Sugar in a rag! won't ye wake up?—you act jest like ye was fast asleep wi' yer eyes open!"

"Yes, I have been asleep—dreaming of the past—the dead past," muttered Pike, passing one hand slowly across his face. "Yes—it must have been a dream, for she's dead—dead years ago."

"What're you tryin' to git through ye, anyhow?" muttered Old Business, his fingers closing tightly upon Pike's arm. "What bin ye dreamin' about—who's she, anyhow?"

"My child—little Helen. I saw her tonight—last night, I mean," softly uttered the old man.

"I knowed it!" and the hunter's eyes flashed. "Say, pard, how might ye be called, when you're to him, anyhow?"

"My name's Pike—Lafe Pike, which is sometimes made Lengthy, fer short, 'cause I'm so tall. You ain't bin drinkin', old man?"

A shade crept over the face of Old Business. He was plainly disappointed at the abrupt change in his comrade, who now appeared his usual self. But he adroitly masked his feelings whatever they were, and said:

"I don't reckon that's much use in our waitin' here any longer. Ef the lad was comin' a-tall, he'd bin here afore now. That's only one reason; he's got into trouble somehow, somwhere. That's what we must find out; an' the sooner we set about it, the quicker we'll git done."

"Listen, pard," said Pike, touching Old Business on the arm. "I ain't much on the talk—never was, an' then I've passed through enough in my time to sour a preacher. But I kinoller a lead as fur as the next man. You can't guess the hafet what Mark has bin to me, nuthin' the hafet what I'd willin' go through for his sake. Ef them durned mole-eyed galoots hev captered him, we must git him free, no matter what's the odds. Ef they've did him hurt—waal, a' undertaker'd make his 'pendent fortune in these parts at a dollar a head for plantin' karkidges—you hear me?"

"We'll go cahoots in that, Lengthy. But what's the use in borrowin' trouble long's we've got a stake left? The fust thing is to find out what has really happened. How kin we do that? By strakin' the lad's trail an' folerin' it to the eend."

"You'll hev to play a lone hand than, pard. I couldn't traill a sick kitten to-day. My head's chockfull o' cobwebs, but I'll do my best."

"Now, pard," he said, as they paused upon a rocky ridge, "right here's whar our head-work must begin. You spoke o' cobwebs in your brain; ef that's any in your eyes, you must brush 'em out. This is nasty ground to trall over—I reckon my hands'll be full, 'thout lookin' out fer humans. You must do this—you understand?"

"You kin count on me. I'm all right now. 'Twas just one o' my old spells tuck me. Sometimes I reckon I'll go clear crazy-like."

"Like who?" asked Old Business, as Pike abruptly paused.

"Like anybody. I reckon we'd better be movin'. We're burnin' daylight," was the sharp reply.

"Good enough! but I'll trall ye yet," muttered the old hunter, his eyes glowing. "You understand, then? I'm to trall, while you kiver me."

Pike nodded, and then the comrades passed down to the valley, keeping well covered, though there were no signs to create uneasiness. Then, motioning Pike to keep in the rear, Old Business slowly crossed the valley in a zig-zag line. On his return, he paused, bent low down, and glided along a few paces, then beckoned to Pike.

"The boy was safe enough when he passed long here," he said, quietly.

"You only guess at it," said Pike, impatiently, after a careful examination of the flinty ground. "An elephant's foot couldn't make print here."

"Mark ain't no elephant, though he's a hoss in some things. Yit here's his trail—ef not plain as the nose on your mug, still it's a fair trail, considerin'. Now to my eyes, that's the print of his right foot, plain as daylight. Here's the toe—it turned over that bit o' flint an' pressed that one deeper down. You see this—that's what a nail in his boot-heel scratched the stone. Thar is only one trail. 'Twas made last night, 'cause the dew has fell on it. We know Mark 'lowed to come this way; put this an' that together, an' you've got the answer."

"You may be right—I reckon ye air, though I don't know much 'bout sech doin's; but let's push on. I can't rest easy ontel I know what's come to the boy."

"All right; I ain't much ahind ye on that point, anyhow. You jist keep a good lookout—I reckon them galoots I fooledd so slick last night, 'll be on the hunt fer me to-day, an' they spot us fust, it's good-bye, John!"

A few hundred yards further on, Old Business paused, with a grunt of satisfaction, and pointed at the ground just before him. There, upon a little patch of ground, kept moist by a tiny spring that bubbled from beneath a huge boulder, was a clearly defined footprint.

"You was right—that's his foot!" cried

Pike, eagerly. "Look thar—I put that patch on myself!" and he pointed out a rude outline, where the boot-sole had been mended.

"Jist so it satisfies you—I hadn't no doubt from the fust," quietly replied Old Business; but then his countenance suddenly changed.

A little to the right, just at the edge of the moist ground, he detected another trail. Springing forward he knelt down and closely scrutinized the tell-tale prints.

"What is it? what do ye make out?" muttered Pike, huskily, great drops of perspiration starting out upon his face.

"Somebody's bin here, not a hafe a hour afore or ahind the lad. Three—no, that's four. One wore moccasins—two hed on heavy boots—other hed—ge-thunder!"

Old Business stared like one in a dream for several moments, then hurriedly fumbled in his pockets, paying no attention to the anxious questions of Pike. From among a little bundle of similar ones, he produced a skin thong, which appeared to be a measure, of some sort, he carefully compared with a faintly outlined track in the moist earth. Then he arose, his face sternly set, his eyes filled with a strange fire as he turned toward Pike.

"That's more devility afoot than I thought, old man. We've got two bits o' work cut out for us."

"What is it? Why don't ye speak out, d—it?"

"I thought that Brand cuss was lyin' last night, but sure as you're a livin' sinner, his gal passed by hyar, with three men, not half an hour from Mark. We've got to find out what it means—"

"Mark first; what's the gal to us?"

"More'n you think, mebbe. But I reckon the two trails won't be far apart. I don't know, but I feel it—somethin' tells me that this trail, or rather them what made it, is the cause o' Mark failin' us. But that—come on."

In silence the two men followed the double trail. They were too anxious for idle speech. Along the valley they glided, Old Business picking up the trail with an ease and skill that was little short of marvelous. Then the valley widened, and became more open, with less undergrowth and boulders. Here and there grew small clumps of trees, and a soft carpet of grass made the work of trailing considerably easier.

"Looks like the lad was folerin' them," muttered Old Business, pointing out where Austin's footprints overlapped the others. "Ef he's sighted 'em, you kin 'pend on it, he's got into trouble—a-tryin' to help the gal."

"Cuse her—" angrily began Pike, when Old Business fiercely interrupted him.

"Shut up—don't you cuss her; think o' the child you hev lost; cusses come home to the one who speaks 'em."

Awed into silence by the storm he had invoked, Pike held his peace, though still muttering angrily beneath his breath.

"I knowed it! See that—the trail goes in to that pass," and Old Business paused at the mouth of a narrow, thickly-wooded defile. "The boy was trainin' the gal, as I guessed."

It was difficult trailing, but the old hunter was equal to the task. Yard by yard he picked up the trail—then he paused, with a sharp cry, his eyes dilated, his face ghostly pale, as he pointed to a pool of blood upon the flinty ground. Around were traces of a struggle. The trunk of a tree, as well as the stem of a stout bush bore fresh bullet-marks. There could be no doubt. A tragedy had taken place at that point. These significant signs, coupled with Austin's strange absence, told plainly that Mark had been the victim.

"My God!" gasped Pike. "This is the end!"

"No," was the harsh reply; "the only end for us is—VENGEANCE!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PHANTOM TRAIL.

For some time after leaving Dick's Pocket, Mark Austin kept his every sense upon the alert, and cunning indeed must have been the spy who could have dogged his footsteps without discovery. But then, as he saw nothing to awaken, or rather to keep alive his suspicions, and as the shades of night descended around him, he grew less cautious, and finally passed into the opposite extreme.

In truth he had much to think about, many things to occupy his mind. The past two weeks had been eventful ones. He had become curiously involved with two women, one of whom he believed he loved truly and sincerely; yet the other exercised a strange fascination over him, even now, since he had chosen between her love and hatred. Despite his stout nerves, a chill crept over him as he recalled her last words—"You have seen how powerfully I could love—you shall learn how intensely I can hate!"

Then came thoughts of the old man who had so queerly become associated with him and his partner. In vain did Mark endeavor to satisfy the vague suspicion that they had met before—that Old Business was not the entire stranger he would fain have them believe. In vain he racked his brain. Though feeling almost positive that they had met and known each other at some period of the past, he could not read the misty vail that obscured his memory.

Then again would his thoughts revert to Edna Brand. He saw now what he could not bring himself to confess, on that delicious afternoon, spent beneath the redwood tree, upon Swayback, that the fair maiden had built for herself a nest in his heart of hearts—that he loved her truly and earnestly. Well, the days would pass by rapidly enough, and on the coming Sabbath he was to meet her once more, beneath the redwoods. And then—even in the darkness of night, Mark's cheek flushed, and his eyes sparkled brightly—he would be brave, would soon know his fate for good or ill.

"Ha! what's that?"

In an instant the young miner was himself again, and fully upon the alert as he crushed down beside a cedar shrub, clutching his rifle with a steady hand. Clear and distinct there had come to his ears the sound of a heavy footstep, a sound such as is made when one steps unexpectedly into a hollow, which, though the descent may be less than a dozen inches, is a body even more than would a calculated leap of as many feet. Accompanying the sound was a half-stifled exclamation or curse; enough to put Mark fully upon the alert after the remarks of Old Business.

"Some one dogging me, sure enough!" he muttered, listening intently.

But he could hear nothing. The sound had broken so unexpectedly that he could not locate it, though, naturally enough, he reasoned, if he was being dogged the sound must have come from behind. Then, as he heard nothing further, he cautiously glided ahead, making as little noise as possible, listening keenly for further signs of his pursuer.

He passed over fully half a mile of ground without hearing anything to confirm his sus-

picion, and then, believing that he had succeeded in throwing the spiss off his trail, he pressed forward with more rapidity, lest he should be late at the rendezvous.

His present course lay along a narrow, almost straight valley, comparatively free of undergrowth, though studded here and there with clumps of trees. The moon cast a clear light down the valley. Except when in the shadow cast by the trees, a person passing along this valley could be easily kept in view by a pursuer. After what had occurred, Mark hesitated about exposing himself so fully. Pausing beneath a bushy tree, he glanced keenly around. Not a sound came from the back trail. But as he gazed along the valley he gave a slight start and leaned eagerly forward.

Before him, several hundred yards distant, he could just make out several indistinct, phantom-like figures, gliding noiselessly along, steadily increasing the distance between them and their interested observer.

"They've missed me, and think I've hurried on," muttered Mark, with a grim chuckle. "Well, they're going my way, so I may as well turn the tables and play spy for the nonce."

Cautiously gliding out until he placed a clump of trees between him and the objects of his curiosity, Mark ran swiftly forward, almost upon tiptoe, so that his foot gave forth scarcely any echo. Twice he followed this plan, and then, peering forth from his covert, he saw the party standing just upon the edge of a little grove which grew at the mouth of a narrow pass or defile running at right angles with the valley.

"You kin take your choice," were the first words that met Mark's ears. "Either walk quiet, or else we'll hev to kerry the lad—what wouldn't be comfortable to either of us."

"I'll walk—only tell me where you are takin' me! What have I done to deserve this treatment?"

Marc started, and a little exclamation broke from his lips. He could scarcely believe his ears, and yet the voice was assuredly a woman's!

"That's none o' your business, nur of mine, nuther," was the rude reply. "We've got to 'bay orders, an', you've got to 'bay us, or take the consequences, which mightn't be 'greenable.'

You'd do bully so fur—hey come long like a led sheep—so don't spit it all by gettin' rambunctious this time o' day. It can't do ye no good—you've got sense enough to see that. Ef you take to kickin' up am' gettin' over the traces, why, we'll just put a gag in your purty mouth an' tote ye long on our shoulders."

"You have the power now, but the time will come when you and your vile employers—"

"Oh, cheese it!" impatiently interrupted another voice. "Come on—we've wasted too much time a'studyin'."

The shadows moved on and disappeared from view in the shadows that shrouded the mouth of the pass. And after a little hesitation, Mark Austin glided cautiously along upon their trail, little dreaming to what it was fated to lead him.

The gloom of night, doubly dense in that deep, narrow pass, shut down over the young miner. Eyesight was of little avail here; he must rather trust to the sense of touch. The cool branches brushed his face. His feet tripped over uneven projections in the trail. More than once he left the narrow path, and never knew it until he brought up against a tree-trunk or some huge boulder.

At such times he would pause and listen breathlessly, fearful lest the noise thus made betray him to his phantom-friends in front. But all was still. Only the far-away sooth of the night wind among the trees and bushes growing high above him. Not a breath of air stirred, the shrubs around him. Not a sound came from before him. Had the rough-speaking men become aware that they were followed, and were they even lying in wait for him? Or were they, taking advantage of their better knowledge of the dark trail, steadily gaining upon him?—was he wasting his time to no good end?

Truly, the young miner was upon a phantom trail.

"I'll follow it until it's settled in one way or another," doggedly muttered Mark, as he once more resumed his blind progress, a hand upon his trusty revolver, ready for offense or defense, as the case might require.

On now with increased haste. Hearing nothing to guide him, Mark fell into that common error—so easily made; just when he should have displayed more caution he lessened it. We have all met with illustrations of this fact. I remember one which occurred only the other day. A number of pinnated grouse had settled near the middle of a large field of corn stubble. The weather was cold, the wind high, and they were very wild. A lad was attempting to gain a shot at them. He lay flat upon his stomach, creeping along over the frozen snow, frequently pausing behind a corn hill. But as he drew near the coveted game he lost his coolness. Only a few yards more and he would be within range of the hunting birds, whose long necks were already high in the air, their suspicions aroused. Interested in the sight, I found myself calling to the lad—"Easy—easy, there!" But the mischief was done—the grouse sailed away like the wind, and the lad lost his shot.

A digression, very true. Yet it so aptly applied to Mark's case that I hope for pardon.

Like the young hunter, he displayed true skill in the first portion of his "stalk," but he, too, grew excited and impatient just when he stood more than ever in need of coolness and caution.

In his haste, now, he alarmed the game,

and increased their own pace, hoping to gain a point from whence they could take an observation without risk to themselves.

Mark stumbled and fell over a stone. As he lay still and listened breathlessly, fearful lest he had alarmed the game, he heard the faint sound of footfalls beyond—a little exclamation—then all was still.

These sounds did not tell him much; only that his game was still afoot and not far in advance. He saw, too, that he had been foolishly incautious. When he arose, he glided on noiselessly as a phantom. But the harm was already wrought.

A few moments later he caught sight of the group, just crossing a narrow belt of moonlight at a barren point in the defile. At that instant he saw the woman turn her head.

The clear moonlight fell upon the pale, anxious face. A sharp cry broke from his lips as he leaped into the open ground.

Like magic the group faded from view.

But then a dazzling glare lighted up the fringe of bushes. Mark staggered back, with a half-stifled cry. The hot hand of a giant seemed tearing at his heart. His brain seemed on fire. He saw a dark form leaping toward him with uplifted weapon. Mechanically he drew a revolver and fired. Then what

seemed a clap of thunder smote upon his brain. He fell heavily to the ground, the pistol dropping from his nerveless hand.

His appearance was that of a dead man; yet he felt more like a man in a dream. There was a vague, half-consciousness. He felt rough hands upon him. He heard, indistinctly, far-off dreamy sounds, as of men talking.

He knew that he was being borne along in some manner, through the defile, into another valley, over rough and intricate ground. He strove to speak, but in vain. And then insensibility seemed to steal over him.

The next he remembered was being rudely flung down upon the ground. He heard sounds of men digging—or removing earth and stones.

The horrible thought struck him—they were going to bury him—and he still living! Yet he was helpless. Another shock—a fall; then came a sense of suffocation, of horrible pain—all was a blank.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL.

7

and seventeen. Beyond that, it had wrought little change in Judestown or its inhabitants. Master Ranty having displayed, during his rapid career at college, sundry "fast" tendencies, was sent to sea to take the nonsense out of him. That young gentleman bore his fate with most exemplary patience and resignation, affirming that he always had a strong partiality for bilge-water and short allowance, and rather liked the cat-o'-nine-tails than otherwise.

Great was the delight of the worthy admiral, his uncle, when he heard of his nephew's destination; and it was partially through his influence that, some months after, Ranty, radiant in blue roundabout and bright brass buttons, stood on the deck of the Sea Nymph, and wrote his name, in tremendous capitals, as "Randolph Lawless, U. S. N."

"Now remember, Minnie, you mustn't go and fall in love with anybody else," were his parting words; "if you do, I'll knock all creation into everlasting smash; I'll hurl the whole universe into the regions of space; I'll set fire to every blessed one of the United States, and bring all the world and Nebraska Territory to universal ruination!"

Duly impressed by these appalling and blood-chilling threats, Erminie dutifully promised not to "go and fall in love with anybody else;" and Mr. Lawless, transformed into a dashing middy, gave his friends at home his blessing, and set off on his first voyage.

Ray, who, even in his boyhood, had displayed great talent in legal matters, was now, by the kindness of the admiral, in New York city, studying law.

Erminie, too, was absent from home now. Having completely captivated the heart of the generous and eccentric Admiral Havenful, as she did that of most others, he set about thinking, one day, what was the best means to display his affection. Just then he recollects her fondness for learning, and the few opportunities she had to indulge that fondness; and jumping up, he struck the table a vigorous blow, exclaiming:

"I'll send her to school! Pet learns all them heathenish foreign languages, and makes a noise on that big sea-chest of a piano, and so shall little Snowdrop! I'll send her to school this very day!—shiver my timbers if I don't!"

And on the spur of the moment, the admiral, with a yaoofle grunt, dumped himself on old Ringbone's back, and jogged over the heath to the cottage.

There he made his proposal to Erminie, whose sweet blue eyes lit up at first with joy and gratitude; then came the thought of Kettura, now a helpless cripple, unable to leave her room, and her countenance fell, and the joyful light faded from her face.

"I am very sorry, but I cannot leave my grandmother," was her sad reply.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed the admiral, testily. "She's got Lucy to attend to her; and if Lucy is not enough, she can have half a dozen female women from the White Squall to keep her in proper sailing order. I know no good place to send you to, Snowdrop, and go you shall, and that's all about it! I'll speak to the old lady myself about it."

So the admiral stamped up-stairs and spoke to Kettura, accordingly, who gave a cold, curt assent. And the result of this was, that, three weeks after, Erminie was sent to a Convent of the Sacred Heart, to study everything necessary for a finished education.

So, of our four young friends, only Firefly remained at home, under the surveillance of a tutor. Pet had lost none of her mischief-loving propensities as she grew up; in fact, they seemed to grow with her growth, until she became the maddest, merriest, skip-over-the-moon madeap that ever threw a peaceable community into convulsions. Never did a pupil drive a well-disposed teacher to the verge of distraction as Pet did hers; never did a naughty daughter throw a dignified "parent" into such undignified paroxysms of rage as our Firefly did; never was a quiet, orderly, stately mansion thrown upside down, at a tornado had torn through it every day, as Heath Hall was; never in any other house was there heard such awful banging of doors, and slamming down of windows, and tearing like a maniac up and down-stairs, and rushing like a living whirlwind in and out of every room in five minutes, as might be seen and heard here; never were servants so completely at their wits' end; never were quiet, business-like neighbors so completely and utterly shocked and astonished before as they were by the freaks of Judge Lawless' heiress. Well-named was Pet; for never, since the plagues of Egypt, was the earth afflicted with a more lawless little hurricane than the hot-headed, laughter-loving, mischief-making heiress in question. Very charming, withal, and bewilderingly beautiful was Pet; and there was not a young man in Judestown, or within twenty miles round, who would not have given his whiskers and mustaches, for one glance from her "bonnie black e'e." But Pet didn't care a snap for all the young men in America, except, perhaps, Ray Germaine, and she flirted away unmercifully, turned countless heads, and had more sighing swains at her feet than all the other belles of Judestown put together.

Pet was naturally clever, bright, and talented, and could have progressed wonderfully in her studies if she had chosen; but she didn't choose, and followed her own sweet will about learning, in spite of all the lectures, entreaties and persuasions of her tutor, and the stern reproofs and angry outbursts of her father. Therefore, at eighteen, she could play a little, draw a little—her talents in this respect were chiefly confined to caricature—sing a good deal, talk more than she could sing, and was still aware that English grammar was a little book with a gray cover. At first, Mr. Garnet, her teacher, had insisted upon her applying herself; but seeing that Pet only listened very dutifully and then did as she liked after, he gave it up, and allowed her now pretty much to do as she liked.

Pet had come from the first conceived a strong dislike to this gentleman—a dislike that increased every day. This was the more surprising, as his conduct, morals, and manners, were irreproachable, and he was an immense favorite with the judge and everybody else. In person, he was a tall, light-haired, gray-eyed, effeminate-looking young man; easy and courteous in manner, polished in address, a finished scholar, and strict Christian. But Pet's keen gaze had detected the concealed cunning in the eye; the sardonic smile, the unscrupulous look the face sometimes wore; the hard, crafty, cruel expression of the mouth. Therefore, all his virtue was to her hypocrisy; his goodness, a mask for evil designs; his politeness, a cloak for covert wickedness. Pet disliked him, and took no pains to conceal it.

And Pet had read his character aright; he had been a young man of fortune—he was a ruined debauchee, reduced to this by his excesses. At first he had looked upon his scholar as a pest and plague; but as she grew up, his feelings changed. Love and ambition

began to enter his heart. What he thought, if he could win this peerless beauty, this wealthy heiress, to be his wife? His fallen fortunes would be retrieved, and his pride and passion gratified by possessing her. Concealing his schemes, he wound himself round the heart of the judge, until he became his bosom friend and confidant. He knew Pet disliked him, but he thought this was because she looked upon him as a cross master; if she could be taught to regard him as a lover, it would be very different. Therefore, as months passed, he became all kindness, tenderness, and affability—the most devoted slave and admirer Miss Lawless had.

"When Satan turns saint, there's room for suspicion?" said Pet, looking at him with a cool, critical eye. "You're up to something you shouldn't be, my good youth. I'll keep my eye on you, Mr. Rozzel Garnet."

But though Pet kept her "eye on him," as she threatened, no clue to the change could she discover; for as a lover she had, never dreamed of him in her wildest moments. Until one day, bursting into the library where he sat, with an open letter in her hand, her cheeks flushed to a deeper crimson than usual, her dancing curls all irradiate, her brilliant eyes, flashing back the sunshine, her whole face sparkling with delight, he looked up from the book he was reading, and asked:

"You seem in unusually good spirits today, Miss Lawless—may I ask the cause?"

"Yes; I've got a letter from Ray, and he's coming home in a month or so! Tra, la, la, la, la, la."

And Pet went waltzing round the room.

A cloud settled for a moment on the bland face of the gentleman, and his small eyes shot a sharp, jealous gleam at the bewildering figure floating dimly over the carpet. It vanished, however, as quickly as it came, as he said, in a tone of assumed carelessness: "Ah! And who is Ray, Miss Petronilla?"

"Why, you know well enough," said Pet, impatiently. "Ray Germaine—you saw him when he was here last."

"Bless me! Yes, I had forgotten; but you remember that was three years ago, Miss Lawless, so I may be pardoned for not recollecting him. If I took as much interest in him as you seem to do, my memory would doubtless be better."

His tones were low, bland and oily, but his gleaming eyes were like two drawn stilettes.

"I expect you would," said Pet. "I have a faint idea that I would have some trouble—if not more—in forgetting Ray Germaine. Don't believe he would approve of my doing so at all, either."

"I did not think Miss Lawless cared for the approval or disapproval of any one, in the world," insinuated the gentleman, with one of his bland smiles and needledike glances.

"We'll see what thought done! That proves, Mr. Garnet," said the elf, mockingly, "how careful the general run of mankind should be in trusting their thoughts, since even a gentleman so near perfection as you are can be deceived."

"Then you do care for the approval of this fellow, Germaine?" said the tutor, trying to hide a dark scowl.

"This fellow, Germaine! Well, there's a nice way for a young lady's tutor to talk of her friends. I'd prefer to hear him called Mister Tremaine, sir, if it's all the same to you," said Pet, drawing herself up.

"Oh, very well!" said Garnet, with a curling lip; "only as he is a pauper, educated by the bounty of your uncle!"

But his speech was cut short by Pet's springing suddenly round, with blazing eyes, passionately darkened face, and fiercely and passionately bursting out with:

"It is false! It is a foul slander! Ray Germaine is no pauper; and if you ever dare to say such a thing again, I shall have you turned out of the house! Take care how you talk, Mr. Rozzel Garnet! It's treading on dangerous ground to slight my friends before me."

Mr. Garnet saw that he had made a false move, and that it was dangerous work handling this fiery little grenade, so he banished all traces of his recent scowl from his face, and his tones were of honeyed sweetness when he spoke again.

"Ten thousand pardons, Miss Lawless, for my offense. Believe me, I had not the remotest intention of slighting your excellent friend, Mr. Germaine. You and he were very intimate, I presume?"

"Thick as pickpockets" said Pet, forgetting her momentary anger. "Heigho! I wish he was here; he was the only masculine I ever knew, who wasn't as stupid as an owl."

"That's a very flattering speech, Miss Lawless," said Garnet, biting his lip, "and a very sweeping assertion. Are there no exceptions to your rule?"

"Not that I've ever met. I dare say there may be one or two in the world; but I haven't come across them."

There was a moment's pause, during which Garnet sat gnawing his nether lip, and Pet flitted round the room, humming an opera air. He watched her covertly, and then, seeing her about to leave, he started impulsively up, exclaiming:

"One moment, Miss Pet—I have something to say to you."

"Well, fire away," said Pet, composedly, turning round, and standing with her back to him.

But for once in his life, his customary assurance seemed to have failed him. There was something in the bold, fearless open gaze of those brilliant black eyes that daunted him, brazen as he was. A slight crimson flushed to his face, and his eyes for an instant sank.

"Now, what, in the name of Diana, and all her nymphs is coming?" mentally exclaimed Pet, as she watched in surprise his embarrassment. "The cool, self-possessed, dignified Mr. Rozzel Garnet blushing like a boiled lobster before poor little Pet Lawless! Snakes and scorpions, and varmints general, the world's companion to an end—that's certain!"

Then aloud:

"Mr. Garnet, I desired you to fire away, which translated from the original Greek, means go ahead, and say whatever you want to. No need to be bashful about it, seeing it's only me."

The flush on Mr. Garnet's cheek, deepened as he said:

"Perhaps, Miss Petronilla, what I am about to say may be unexpected, but it can hardly take you by surprise. The change in my manner toward you for the last few months must have prepared you for it."

He stopped short, and began walking up and down. Pet stuck both hands in her apron-pockets, and stood waiting, "like Patience on a monument," for what was to come next.

"It's no gunpowder-plot, or hanging matter, now, is it?" she began. "For though I wouldn't mind setting the Chesapeake on fire, or blowing up the Alleghanies, I've an immense respect for the laws of my country, Mr. Garnet, and would not like to undermine the Constitution, or anything of that sort. Any common matter, though, from riding a steep-

chase to fighting a duel, and I'm yours to command."

"Miss Lawless, may I beg of you to be serious for a few moments—this is no jesting matter," said the gentleman, looking annoyed.

"Well, my goodness! ain't I serious? I'll leave it to the company, generally, if I'm not as solemn as a hearse. If you'd only descend to look at me instead of watching the flowers in the carpet, you would see my face is half a yard long."

"Then, Miss Lawless, to come to the matter at once—for I know you do not like long pretences—I love you, I worship you, Petronilla! Petronilla, dearer than life! may I hope one day to possess this dear hand?"

"Now, if our Pet had been sentimental, she would have blushed becomingly, burst into tears, or covered her face with her hands, maybe; but Pet wasn't a bit sentimental, and so arching her eyebrows, and opening her eyes till they were the size of two saucers, she gave utterance to her complete amazement in a long, shrill whistle.

Garnet approached her, and would have taken her hand, only as they were still stuck in her apron-pockets, she didn't appear to have such a thing about her. Accordingly, therefore, he attempted to do the next best thing, that is, put his arms around her waist; but Pet very coolly edged away, saying:

"Hands off, Mr. Garnet, until better acquainted. I don't believe in having coat-sleeves round my waist—as a general thing. Just say that over again, will you; it was mighty interesting!"

And Pet dung herself into an arm-chair, and put her feet up on an ottoman with a great display of carelessness and ankles, and stared Mr. Garnet composedly.

"Cruel girl! You know your power, and thus you use it. Oh, Petronilla! my beautiful one! have I nothing left to hope for?"

"That's a question I can't take it upon myself to answer," said Pet. "There's your next quarter's salary, though, you can hope for that."

"Is that meant as a taunt? Oh, Petronilla! you little know how deeply, how devotedly I love you! I could give my life to make you happy."

"Thanky, Mr. Garnet—shows a highly Christian spirit in you; but, at the same time, I guess I won't mind it. As to your loving me, I have not the slightest doubt about it. I'm such an angel in shemale form that I don't see how people can help loving me, any more than they can help the toothache. So you needn't go telling me over again you love me, because you've said it two or three times already; and the most interesting things get tiresome, when repeated too often."

"Capricious, beautiful fairy! how shall I win you to seriousness? Fairest Petronilla, I would serve for this little hand even as Jacob served for Rachel!"

"Mr. Garnet, it's real polite of you to say so, but you'll excuse me for saying I'd a good deal rather you wouldn't. You've been here six years now, and if I thought I was to undergo six more like them, I'd take the first bar of soft-soap I could find and put an immediate end to my melancholy existence."

"Mocking still! Oh, beautiful Petronilla! how shall I reach this willful heart?"

"There's no heart there, Mr. Garnet; it took a trip to the fast city of Gotham three years ago, and it hasn't come back since."

"With Raymond Germaine?" he said, with a sharp flash of his eyes.

"Exactly; you've struck the right thing in the middle—hit the nail straight on the head—jumped, with your accustomed sagacity, at my exact meaning. After all, you're not half so bad as you look, Mr. Garnet."

"Miss Lawless," he broke out, angrily, "this levity is as unbecoming as it is unbecoming. I have asked you a question, which, as a lady, you are bound to answer."

"Mr. Garnet, look here," said Pet; "did your guardian angel watch over you till I come back, and keep you from bursting a blood-vein in your rage?"

"Aha! Mr. Garnet!" she cried, exultingly; "little kittens can bite as well as snarl, you see. You caught a Tatar that time—didn't you? You're a model gentleman; you're the saint that ought to be canonized on the spot; you're the refined scholar—ain't you? I'll leave you, now, to discover the charms of solitude, while I go and tell papa the lesson I have taught you this morning. A little fasting and solitary imprisonment won't hurt your blood in the least. Bon jour, Seigneur Don Monsieur Moustache Whiskerando! May your guardian angel watch over you till I come back, and keep you from bursting a blood-vein in your rage."

"Miss Lawless, forgive me; I'm half-mad, and scarce know what I said."

"I forgive you," said Pet, stretching out her hands as if about to warn them; "go, sin no more. I thought you were a little light in the head myself; but then it didn't surprise me, as it's about the full of the moon, I think."

"Miss Lawless, I did think you were too much of a lady to despise and scoff at true affection thus. If I have the misfortune to be poor, that does not make me the less sensitive when occasion requires."

"Well, upon my word, Mr. Rozzel Garnet," said Pet, confusedly, "you have the mildest and pleasantest way of your own I ever witnessed. Here you come stamping up to me as if about to knock me down, and savagely telling me you love me! Love away, can't you, but don't get in a rage about it! I'm sure you're perfectly welcome to love me till you're black in the face, if you'll only take things easy."

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NOT THE PIPE OF PEACE.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

My name is O'Dod,
And it is mighty odd
A fine-looking man for to carry the hod!
And what would they say
In old Erin, away?
To hear them say last I'd come down to such play?

If your honor, the court,
To hear my report,
Will lend me its ears and not cut me short,
I will tell you quite clear
How I came to be here,
Where I never expected at all to appear.

You see that McCarty,
He gave us a party
And send round the invites to come and dance
So heartily!

And to cheer up the scene
He had lots of potheen—
And McCarty he never does anything mean!

Is hardly seemed real!
How the fiddle did squeal
When the girls went off with an old Irish reel!
And with our brogues on
Right in did we prance!

With our arms round our girls and our feet in
the dance.

Such a racket, me lord,
Ye never have heard—
Like a hod full of bricks dropping down from
the shanty!

And, habillah!
How ye circled and flew
Till ye'd swear by your hat 'twas an old Irish
stew.

The ladies smiled sweet,
And the lads looked so neat,
But to the corws what got under our feet
And hippity-ho!

We danced one step
But to pull off our coats and to take a wee drop.

When all of a once,
That lad of a dunce,
Mickey O'Bryan, up aginst me he runs,
And he gives to me pipe

Sic a terrible swipe,
That wint down me throat like a section
of iron!

And, you honor, I list
Couldn't stop to resist
To chuckle him under the chin wid my fist,
And, Rory O'More!

He repented it sore;
Six feet of the lad laid along on the floor.

Now this rowdy-dow
Was a sign for a row,
And the lads laid down and I didn't care how,
And each lad dropped his girl

In the midst of the whirl,
And I wouldn't have been there again for the
world!

The ladies they shrieked,
And fainted and squeaked,
And the rumpus began and it couldn't be check-

And the racket and roar!
Any one would have sworn
To more chairs in the air than there was on the
floor.

Such a rip and a tear!
I'm willing to swear!

You'd enjoyed it, judge, if you had been there,
O' Mally, you'd have been there!

Was smashed in the middle,
And he furnil hed the tune for the fuss wid a
griddle.

The noses all mashed,
And the heads that crashed
Was hardly a jig to the bottles what smashed,
And the faces run,

Wid the blood that bled,
Was hardly a drop to the whisky shed.

So that beautiful ball
Went to Limerick all.

And a doz'n police came around at a call;

They quickly out short
The fun of our sport,

And each took a pardner and waltzed him to
court.

—Doubtless the author of this poem is a member of the Society of Friends.

An Hour's Masquerade.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I do declare, Frank, you are perfectly incorrigible! Here I have gone to no end of trouble for your sake; even succeeded in making Miss Gresham promise to send me her picture for your especial benefit, and you deliberately announce your intention of going away when she comes!"

Frank's sister hardly knew whether to be most provoked or sorry; and she bestowed on her handsome, graceless brother a look so reproachful that he laughed delightedly.

"Upon my word, Lou, but was there ever such a scheming little woman as yourself? Do tell a fellow if Mr. Fred Merwyn walked unaware into any matrimonial trap you set for him?"

Mrs. Fred Merwyn frowned violently.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Frank Halsey? You don't deserve that I should have taken such pains with Maud Gresham, for you! I half wish I had told her what a cross, unapreciative, disagreeable fellow you were, instead of—"

Frank's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, then you have been merely telling the unvarnished truth about me? Handsome, taled, angelic in disposition, faultless in behavior—and, dying to know the beautiful Miss Gresham."

Mrs. Lou looked bewilderedly at him, his mischievous eyes belying the perfect honesty of tone; then she sighed lugubriously.

"Well, all I can say is, you are the most unappreciative brother I ever saw. Another time, I will not look out for you, when there is an heiress at stake."

She gathered up her sewing as if to leave him, actually affronted; but Frank caught her skirt as she passed the sofa where he was lounging, so lazy, so handsome, so mischievously drowsy.

"Don't go off that way, sis. Come, tell me all about Miss Gresham. Is she really beautiful? I am interested, you see, after all."

Mrs. Merwyn halted beside the sofa, her aggrieved expression of countenance fading as Frank asked the tempting question.

"Beautiful! I never saw such a beautiful girl, Frank! Her hair is the loveliest shade of blonde-yellow!"

"Regular spun gold, eh, Louie?"

"Exactly—and all full of delicious little ripples, that are so becoming!"

Frank crossed his hands comfortably under his handsome head.

"I always liked rippling hair—although I presume it is generally the result of Irvin's crimping-pins, or something like 'em. Go on, Lou. Complexion?"

Mrs. Merwyn was too enthusiastic to take notice of any latent sarcasm in Frank's attention.

"Such a skin! You've raved about milk and roses, and rubies and pearls, but you wait till you see Maud Gresham's complexion!"

Frank looked solemnly at the ceiling.

"I haven't a doubt of it, Lou! Wine dashed on snow, you know—producing exactly the combination of pearl rouge and carmine! Only, of course, Miss Gresham's charms are real!"

Lou looked up, indignantly.

"Of course they are! Now, Frank Halsey, if you've been making fun of me all this time, I'll—I'll—"

Frank sprang from the sofa.

"Don't threaten, Lou! I'll go down town, and have a meditative smoke on what you've said. By-hy, Lou!"

Mrs.

Merwyn gave a little disappointed sigh.

"I never saw such a fellow! Well—when he sees Maud's photograph—"

And she smiled triumphantly, as she fore-saw the surrender of her incorrigible brother's forces before the beauty of the girl she hoped to win for his wife.

"Hello, Fenn! You look as if there hadn't been a customer for a week! Are you especially busy this minute?"

Frank Halsey's clear, cheery voice sounded through the elegant little picture-gallery, over whose entrance was the sign, "Harold Fenn, Photographic Artist."

Mr. Fenn arose, pushing back some papers, as Halsey spoke.

"You're a godsend, Frank! I've been waiting for an hour for that rascally boy of mine to come, so I could run down to the bank, and over to Broadway, on an important errand.

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